

TI

Canadian National Series of School Books.

THREE-PART SONGS.

FOR THE USE OF

THE PUPILS OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF CANADA.

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

HENRY FRANCIS SEFTON,

TEACHER OF MUSIC IN THE NORMAL AND MODEL SCHOOLS OF ONTARIO.

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PREFACE.

THE chief object that has been regarded in the preparation of this little volume, has been to supply a want that has been long felt of a carefully arranged selection of Part-Songs, suitable to the circumstances of the children that usually attend the Public Schools. The tunes have been selected from the National Melodies of the British Isles: to these are added a few Canadian compositions, both the words and music being original, and the remainder are derived from foreign sources. Great care has been taken in the selection of the poetry, with a view not only to engaging the interest of the pupils, but also to producing a salutary effect on their principles and habits.

Another object that has been regarded in the preparation of this book, has been its adaptation for use as the medium of Practical illustration for the "Teacher's Manual of Vocal Music," a work at present in progress, in which it is intended to explain the Theory.

The Appendix contains a few pieces selected for the especial use of Teachers, as it was believed such an addition might be acceptable on occasions of School Concerts, &c., and would be useful in fostering a taste for the study of the works of the great masters.

HINTS TO TEACHERS.

EVERY Part-Song in this book is available as a Solo, Duet, or Trio. When the children are able to sing melody *only*, the first or top part may be *used alone*; where greater proficiency exists, the first and second parts may be sung as Duets; or the third part may be added by the male Teacher.

The teaching of a tune should invariably be accompanied by the *beating of its time*. Three modes of beating are sufficient for every description of time. The *down-up* beats represent all *equal* or *simple common times*, $\frac{2}{4}$ $\frac{4}{4}$ or \square &c.; as also their compounds, $6 \div 2$, as $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{6}{8}$ &c., although, frequently, four beats, *down-left-right up*, are more convenient for $\frac{4}{4}$ or \square time; *three beats, down-right-up*, are equal to all simple triple times, as $\frac{3}{2}$ $\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{3}{8}$ &c., or their compounds, $9 \div 3$, as $\frac{9}{4}$ $\frac{9}{8}$ &c.

Avoid a slow, dragging style of singing. It is better to err in the opposite direction.

Strictly observe the correct accent, both in the words and in the music.

By playing the *bottom parts* of the Harmonies *an octave lower* than they are written the arrangement will be correct for the Pianoforte or the Harmonium.

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Jessie Barrie

THREE-PART SONGS.

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WE WILL NOT TALK OF OLD TIMES.

Allto. *f*

The musical score is written for three parts on two staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4 or 2/2. The melody is marked with a forte (f) dynamic. The lyrics are: 'We will not talk of old times, When we were blithe and gay, And met to hear the even - ing chimes, And laugh the hours a - way. Old times we al - ways mourn, But mourn their loss in vain, Old times, old times, whi - ther, whi - ther are ye gone? Ne'er to come a - gain.'

We will not talk of old times, When we were blithe and
gay, And met to hear the even - ing chimes, And laugh the hours a -
way. Old times we al - ways mourn, But mourn their loss in vain, Old
times, old times, whi - ther, whi - ther are ye gone? Ne'er to come a - gain.

But we will talk of new times,
Times present and to come;
Of happy hours in sunny bowers,
And joyful days at home.
The present let's enjoy,
Though we regret the past;
New times, new times, cheerfully the
minutes fly,
May they always last.

Some e'en complain of hard times,
And never are at ease;
With such you reason all in vain,
In vain you try to please.
All times we may enjoy,
If we are so inclined;
All times, all times, pleasantly the
minutes fly,
To an equal mind.

A WINTER SCHOOL SONG.

Allegro. f

Cold the blast may blow, Heap - ing high the
Cold the blast may blow.

Cold! Cold!

snow, Winds may loud - ly roar, U
Heap - ing high the snow, Winds may loud - ly roar, may

Cold! Cold! winds may roar, winds may loud - ly

loud - ly roar; Trees all brown and bare, Sad may wave in

air, Deck'd with leaves no more, Deck'd with leaves no more.

Spirits firm and bold
Fear not storms or cold,
Fear not ice or snow;
Fiercely through the gale
Drift the snow and hail,
Hearts may warmly glow.

When in school we meet,
Looks of welcome greet,
Sent from smiling eyes;
When our teacher dear
Gives us words of cheer,
Sent from smiling eyes.

Come, then, rain or hail!
Come, then, storm or gale!
Glad to school we'll go;
Spirits firm and bold
Shrink not from the cold,
Fear not ice or snow.

PROVIDENCE.

Andante grazioso.

H. F. S.

mf He who made the stars on high, *p* Rules su-preme o'er earth and sky;

Child of dust! your hom-age bring. And grate-ful prais-es sing.

He who marks a sparrow's fall,
Looks with tenderness on all;
Child of woe! then cease to weep,
His mercy cannot sleep.

Though our *life* is but a span,
Endless is the *soul* of man;
Child of hope! then look above,
And trust a God of love.

REST.

Mists are ris-ing slow-ly, Earth her in-crease yields;

p Si-lence calm and ho-ly, *cres.* Reigns o'er woods and fields.

But while all is sleeping,
Still the brook flows on;
Onward wildly sweeping,
Goes that restless one.

Him the rustling willow
Cannot soothe to rest;
He must seek a pillow
On the ocean's breast.

So when we have striven
On and on through life,
We may find in heaven,
Rest from that long strife.

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

Andantino. mf



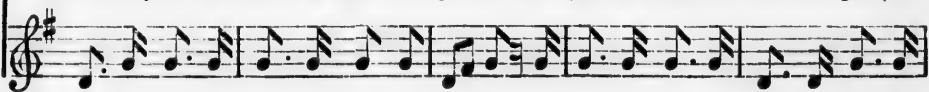
Oft in the stil - ly night, Ere slum-ber's chain has bound me,



Fond mem - 'ry brings the light Of o - ther days a - round me; The smiles, the tears of



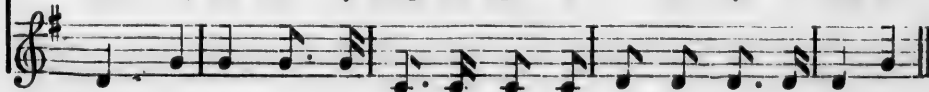
childhood's years The words of love then spok-en, The eyes that shone now dimm'd and gone, The



cheer - ful hearts now brok - en. Thus in the stil ly night, Ere slum-ber's chain has



bound me, Sad mem - 'ry brings the light Of o - ther days a round me.



OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT—continued.

When I remember all
The friends so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather ;
I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,

Whose lights are fled, whose garlands
And all but me departed ; [dead,
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad mem'ry brings the light
Of other days around me.

EVENING.

Allegretto. mf

Lit - tle girl, it is time to re - tire to your rest; The

pp *mf*

sheep are put in - to the fold; The lin - net for - sakes us, and

p

flies to her nest, To shel - ter her young from the cold.

The owl has flown out of his lonely retreat,
And screams through the tall shady trees ;
The nightingale takes on the hawthorn her seat,
And sings to the soft dying breeze.

The sun appears now to have finish'd his race,
And sinks once again to its rest ;
But though we no longer can see his bright face,
He leaves a gold streak in the west.

Little girl (boy), have you finish'd your daily employ,
With industry, patience, and care ?
If so, lay your head on your pillow with joy,
And sleep away peacefully there.

The morn through your curtains shall cheerfully peep,
Her silver beams rest on your eyes ;
And mild evening breezes shall fan you to sleep,
Till bright morning bids you arise.

HURRAH FOR CANADA.

Majestically.

H. F. S.

4 or 3 or C

Hur - rah! hur - rah! for Can - a - da, Her woods and val - leys

green; Hur - rah for dear old Eng - land! Hur - rah for Eng - land's

Queen! Hur - rah for dear old Eng - land! Hur - rah for Eng - land's

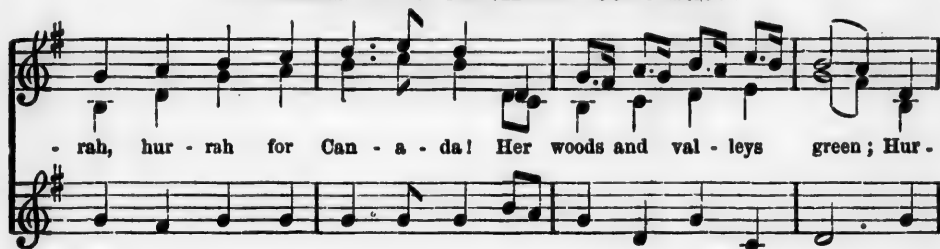
p

Queen! Good ships be on her wa - ters, Firm friends up - on her-

f

shores, Peace, peace with-in her bor - ders, And plen - ty in her stores. Then hur -

HURRAH FOR CANADA—continued.



Repeat in Chorus ff



Right loyally we're singing,
To all nations make it known,
That we love the land we live in,
And our Queen upon her throne.

Long may the sons of Canada
Continue as they've been,
True to their native country,
And faithful to their Queen.

THE WORM.



The common Lord of all that move,
From whom thy being flow'd,
A portion of His boundless love
On that poor worm bestow'd.
The sun, the moon, the stars He made
To all His creatures free;

And spreads o'er earth the grassy blade
For worms as well as thee.
Let them enjoy their little day,
Their lowly bliss receive;
Oh, do not lightly take away
The life thou canst not give.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

Andantino grazioso.

'Tis the last rose of sum - mer, Left bloom - ing a -

lone, All her love - ly com - pan - ions Are fad - ed and

gone; No flower of her kin - dred, No rose - bud is

nigh; To re - flect back her blush - es, Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep thou with them:
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone!

EMPLOYMENT.

Allegretto.

V F S.

How plea-sant it is, at the close of the day, No fol-lies

to have to re-pent, But re-flect on the past, and be a-ble to say, My

time has been pro-per-ly spent! When I've fin-ish'd my busi-ness with

pa-tience and care, And been good, and ob-lig-ing, and kind, I lie on my

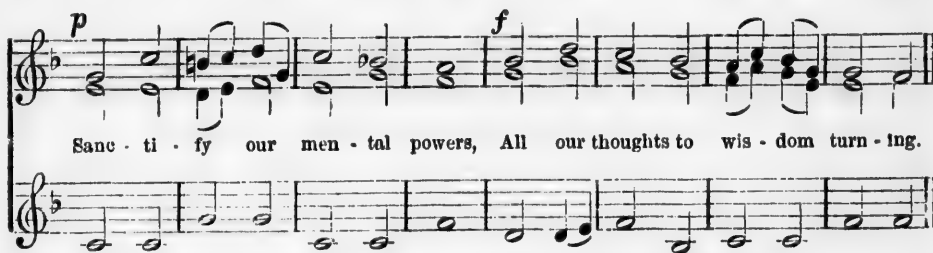
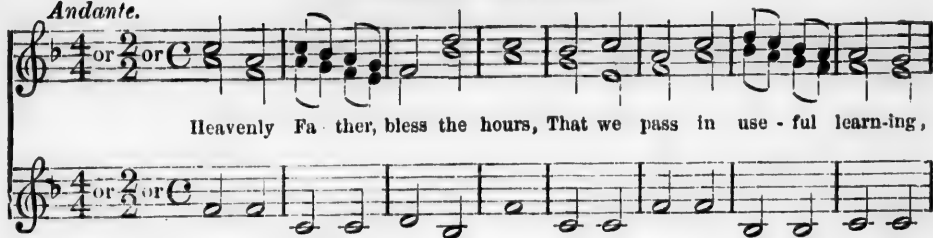
pil-low, and sleep a-way there, With a hap-py and peace-a-ble mind.

Instead of all this, if it must be confess'd
That I careless and idle have been,
I lie down as usual and go to my rest,
But feel discontented within ;

Then as I dislike all the trouble I've had,
In future I'll try to prevent it, [sad,
For I never am wayward without being
Or good without being contented.

A SCHOOL PRAYER.

Andante.



Give us light to guide our way,
While thy word is spread before us;
May we ne'er in error stray,
May thy Spirit hover o'er us.

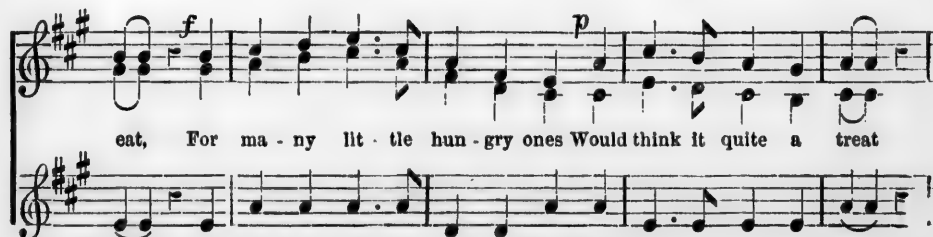
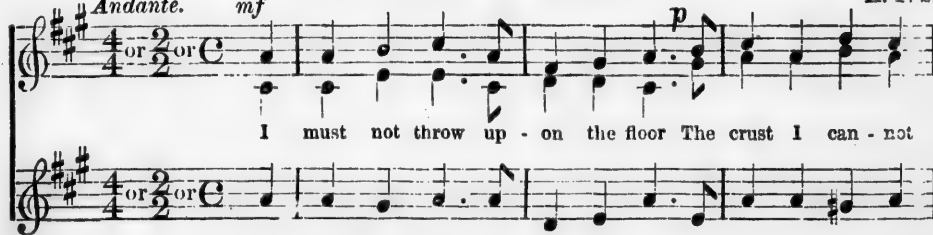
May no idle, ill-spent days
Bow our parents' heads with sadness;
May our honest, well-earn'd praise
Fill their grateful hearts with gladness.

THE CRUST OF BREAD.

Andante.

mf

H. F. S.



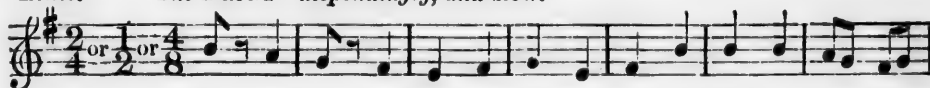
My parents labor very hard
To get me wholesome food;
Then I must never waste a bit
That would do others good.

For wilful waste makes woeful want,
And I may live to say,
"Oh! how I wish I had the bread
That once I threw away!"

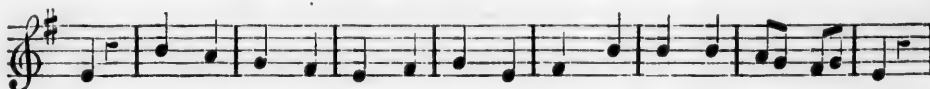
THE BEE AND DRONE.*

Lento.

The DRONE—despondingly, and slow.



Oh! dear me, these tire - some les - sons, I shall nev - er know them



well; All day long what pains and trou - ble I must take to learn to spell!

The BEE—cheerfully, and fast.



I have fin - ish'd all my les - sons! Gram - mar, writ - ing, sums and all.



Hur - rah! I have just ten min - utes, For a cheer - ful game at ball;

The Drone.

Though the morning school is over,
Here I sit alone and cry;
I can't learn this nasty lesson,
What a wretched boy am I!

The Bee.

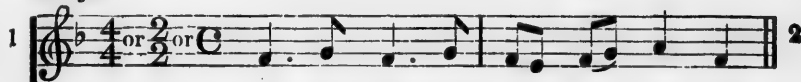
Now the morning school is over,
To the sunny fields I fly;
School, how pleasant; play delightful,
What a happy boy am I!

* Divide the Class, Division, or School in two parts, the one part taking the *Drone*, the other the *Bee*. The part of the *Drone* to be sung *slowly* and *despondingly*, imitating crying; the *Bee*, on the other hand, *quickly* and *cheerfully*.

O HOW PLEASANT TO BE ROAMING.

(ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.)

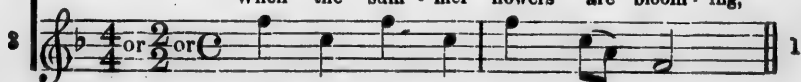
Allegro.



O how plea - sant to be roam - ing,



When the sum - mer flowers are bloom - ing,



In the wood - land and the glen.

THE LITTLE BIRD.*

Andantino grazioso.

Come, tell me now, sweet lit - tle bird, Who deck'd thy wings with
gold? Who fa - shion'd so thy ti - ny form, And bade thy wings un-
fold? Who taught thee such en - chant - ing power, To soothe the ach - ing
heart, And with thy note of har - mo - ny, To mock the reach of art?

Reply.

My wings with gold by Him were tinged
Who framed the golden spheres;
He gave me form, who works unchanged
Amidst the change of years;
He taught me song, who heaven's own lyre
Has strung to sound His praise;
Who gave the seraph words of fire,
And thee, still warmer lays.

Interrogation.

Thou fly'st away! who bade thee soar?
Who bade thee seek the sky,
And wander through yon silver cloud,
A speck to mortal eye?
Oh! had I but thy wings, sweet bird!
I'd mount where angels be,
And leave behind this world of sin,
A little thing like thee!

* This three-part Song may be made interesting by dividing the Class, Division, or School in two parts, each singing alternately the interrogations and replies.

THE LITTLE BIRD—continued.

Reply.

He bade me fly who taught thy soul
To shoot through time and space,
And bound o'er all the orbs that roll,
To meet the Sun of grace.

Still seek that Sun, and thou shalt mount
Beyond my utmost flight;
And sport and bask thee at the fount
Of pure ethereal light.

THE VIOLET.

Allegretto vivace.

Down in a green and shad - y bed, A mo - dest vio - let

grew; Its stalk was bent, it hung its head, As if to hide from

view, And yet it was a love - ly flower, Its co - lours bright and

fair, It might have graced a ros - y bower, In - stead of hid - ing there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,
In modest tints array'd;
And there diffused a sweet perfume
Within its silent shade.

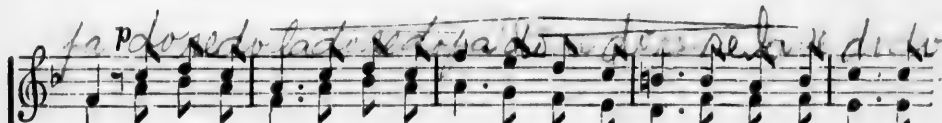
Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flower to see,
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.

SHELLS OF OCEAN.

Andante



One - sum - mer eve, with pen-sive thought, I wan der'd on the sea - beat



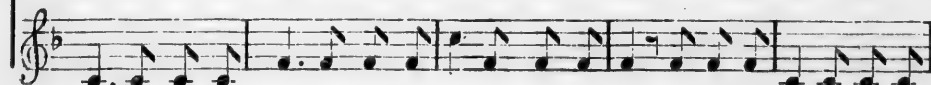
shore, Where oft in heed less in fant sport, I ga-ther'd shells in days be - fore, I



ga-ther'd shells in days be fore, The splash-ing waves like mu sic - fell, Re - spon - sive



to my fan - cy wild, A dream came o'er me like a spell, I thought I was a - gain a



child, A dream came o'er me like a spell, I thought I was a - gain, a - gain a child.



SHELLS OF OCEAN—continued.

I stood upon the pebbly strand,
To cull the toys that round me lay;
And as I took them in my hand,
I threw them one by one away;

O thus I said, In every stage,
By toys our fancy is beguiled,
We gather shells from youth to age,
And then we leave them like a child.

MY HANDS, HOW NICELY ARE THEY MADE.

Allegretto, mf

H. F. S.

My hands, how nice - ly are they made, To hold, and touch, and

do; I'll try to learn some hon - est trade, That will be use - ful

too; My eyes, how fit they are to read, To mind my work and

look; I ought to think of that, in - deed, And use them at my book.

My tongue, 'twas surely never meant
To quarrel or to swear;
To speak the truth my tongue was sent,
And also given for prayer.

My thoughts,—for what can they be given?
For thinking—to be sure;
That I may think of God and heaven,
And learn my faults to cure.

THE SWISS SONG OF HOME.

Allegretto agitato.

Why, ah! why, my heart, this sad ness? Whw mid scenes
like these de - cline, Where all, though strange, is joy and glad - ness? Oh!
say, what wish can yet be thine? Oh! say, what wish can yet be thine?

All that's dear to me is wanting,
Lone and cheerless here I roam;
For strangers' joys, howe'er enchanting,
Can never be to me like home.

Give me these, I ask no other,
Those that bless the humble dome,
Where dwells my father and my mother—
Oh! give me back my native home.

GO LEARN OF THE ANT.

(ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.)

1 Go learn of the ant to be pru - dent and wise;
2 In sum - mer she stores a - gainst win - try skies.
3 Re - mem - ber in plen - ty that want may a - rise.

THE PILOT.

Andante. mf

Oh! Pi - lot, 'tis a fear - ful night, There's dan - ger on the

deep, I'll come and pace the deck with thee, I do not dare to

p

sleep. "Go down," the sail - or cried, "go down, This is no place for

f

thee; Fear not, but trust in Pro - vi - dence, Wher - ev - er you may be."

Oh! Pilot, dangers, often met,
 We all are apt to slight,
 And thou hast known the raging seas,
 But to subdue their might;
 "It is not apathy," he said,
 "Which gives this strength to me;
 Fear not, but trust in Providence,
 Wherever you may be.

"On such a night the sea ingulf'd
 My father's lifeless form;
 My only brother's boat went down
 In just so wild a storm:
 And such perhaps may be my fate;
 Yet still I say to thee,
 Fear not, but trust in Providence,
 Wherever you may be."

A GENTLE WORD

Andantino grazioso.

H. F. S.

p

A gen - tle word, it falls like balm Up - on the wea - ry

p

heart; And calms the ag - o - ny with - in, With more than ma - gic art.

A gentle word,—it hath the power
To win the erring back;
Though they have wander'd far away
From virtue's beaten track.

A gentle word!—Oh, give to all
Sweet gentle words of love;
For they shall all return to thee,
From God's own lips above.

THE ROSE'S AGE.

(ROUND FOR FOUR VOICES.)

1 The ro - se's age is but a day, 2

3 Its bloom the pledge of its de - cay; 4

1 Sweet is its scent, its co - lours bright, 2

3 It blows at morn, and fades at night. 4

ON THE WATER.

Smoothly. f



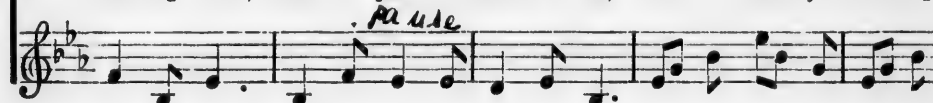
Where the sil - ver moon-beams qui - ver, Soft - ly glides our lit - tle boat,



As up - on the tran-quil riv - er Down the stream we id - ly float; Well it suits the



even - ing hour, Here to ~~pass~~ in scenes so fair, And let beau - ty's sooth - ing



pow - er Ba - nish thoughts of toil and care, Ba - nish thoughts of toil and care.



At this hour, when all is resting,
Calm and silence on us steal;
Hush'd is laughter now, and jesting,
All the solemn influence feel.
Thoughts of bygone days come o'er us,
Sorrows link'd with mem'ries bright,
Like the stream that flows before us,
Now in shade, and now in light.

But if thinking turn to sadness,
We will chase it with a song;
Only thoughts of peace and gladness
To an hour like this belong.
Sing, and let your voices blending
With the water, soft and low,
Up to heaven's blue vault ascending,
Wake the echoes as we go.

THE BEGGAR GIRL.

Slowly, and with feeling.

O - ver the moun - tain and o - ver the moor, Hun - gry and

bare-foot I wan - der for - lorn; My fa - ther is dead, and my mo - ther is poor,

And she weeps for the days that will nev - er re - turn. *p* Pi - ty, kind gen - tle - folks,

friends of hu - ma - ni - ty, *f* Keen blows the winds, and the night's com - ing on! Give me some

food for my mo - ther, for cha - ri - ty. *slow.* Give me some food, and then I will be - gone.

THE BEGGAR GIRL—continued.

Call me not lazy - back, idle and bold
enough,

Fain would I learn both to knit and to
sew ;

The two little brothers at home, when
they're old enough,

They shall work hard for the gifts you
bestow.

Pity, kind gentlefolks, &c.

Think, while you revel at home at your
leisure,

Secure from the wind, and well clothed
and fed,

If fortune should fail, how hard it would
be

To beg at the door for a morsel of
bread !

Pity, kind gentlefolks, &c.

THE SEA IS ENGLAND'S GLORY.

H. F. S.

f

The sea is Eng-land's glo - ry, The bound-ing wave her throne, For

p

a - ges bright in sto - ry, The o - cean is her own. In war, the first, the fear-less,

f *Chorus ff*

Her ban-ner leads the brave ; In peace she reigns as peer-less, The em-press of the wave.

The sea is England's splendour,
Her wealth the mighty main ;
She is the world's defender,
The feeble to sustain ;
Her gallant sons, in story,
Shine bravest of the brave ;
Oh ! England's strength and glory
Are on her ocean wave !

Thou loveliest land of beauty,
Where dwells domestic worth,
Where loyalty and duty
Entwine each heart and hearth ;
Thy rock is Freedom's pillow,
The rampart of the brave,—
Oh ! long as rolls the billow,
Shall England rule the wave !

THE SKATER'S SONG.

Briskly. **f**

Oh! the day is bright and cold, Crys-tal clear De-cem-ber! And it

p

makes the skat er bold, Gold-en sports re-mem-ber. Wel-come brac-ing win-ter times,

ff

When the frost do glit-ter, And the mer-ry Christmas chimes: Could a day be fit-ter?

Come! it is our holiday,
Indoor tasks are ended;
Healthy life wants hearty play
With still study blended;

On the frozen lake we wheel,
Each the other chasing;
On the ice, with shining steel,
Many a circle tracing.

MORNING SONG.

Briskly. **p**

The stars are fad-ing from the sky, The mists be-fore the morn-ing fly; The

MORNING SONG—continued.

east is glow-ing with a smile, And na-ture, laugh-ing all the while, Says, Clear the

way! the world is wak-ing, Night is gone, and day is break-ing; day is break-ing!

1st time. 2d time.

The cock has crow'd with all his might,
The birds are singing with delight,
The hum of business meets the ear,
And face to face, with kindly cheer,
Says, Clear the way! the world is
waking,
Night is gone, and day is breaking!

The bell is ringing, haste away!
The school is open, leave off play,—
The sun of knowledge there we find
Arising on the youthful mind;
So clear the way! the world is
waking,
Night is gone, and day is breaking!

WHEN THE ROSY MORN APPEARING.

When the ro-sy morn ap-pear-ing, Paints with gold the ver-dant lawn,

Bees on banks of thyme dis-port-ing, Slip the sweets, and hail the dawn.

Warbling birds the day proclaiming,
Carol sweet the lively strain,
They forsake their leafy dwelling,
To secure the golden grain.

See, content, the humble gleaner
Takes the scatter'd ears that fall;
Nature, all her children viewing,
Kindly bounteous, cares for all.

SONG FOR PEACE.

f

Lord God of Sa - ba - eth, King, who or - dain - eth,

Great winds Thy clar - ions, the light - ning Thy sword; Show forth Thy pit - y on

f

high, where Thou reign - est, Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the omnipotent, sin's sure avenger,
Watching invisible, moving unheard;
Leave us not now in the hour of our
danger,
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the all-merciful, earth has forsaken
Thy ways of blessedness, slighted Thy
word;
Bid not thy wrath in its terrors awaken,
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

THE POOR BLIND BOY.

Moderate. mf

Oh, say what is that thing call'd light, Which I can ne'er en -

joy? What are the bless - ings of the sight? Oh, tell your poor blind boy.

THE POOR BLIND BOY—continued.

You talk of wondrous things you see,
You say the sun shines bright,
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day and night?

My day or night myself I make,
Whene'er I sleep or play;
And could I ever keep awake,
With me 'twere always day.

Then let not what I cannot have,
My cheer of mind destroy;
While thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

Firmly, in quick marching time.

f

Come, shoul-der your ri-fles, And up and on your way, 'Tis

mp

time we were off To our prac-tis-ing to-day. For hark! boys, hark! the

ff

bug-le's call sounds clear, And sum-mons to his work each trust-y Vol-un-teer.

Your hand must be steady,
For true must be your aim,
And keen be your glance,
As the hunter for his game;
So lightly tread, for nimble as the deer,
And firm as rooted oak must be the Volun-
teer.

We talk not of glory—
Be that the foeman's boast;
Not always they win her
Who talk of her the most:
But duty calls, each man the summons hears,
Our coasts are guarded by our gallant Volun-
teers.

WE GO, WE GO.

Cheerfully.

H. F. S.

f

We go, we go where the green leaves grow, And the wild flowers flour-ish

fair, Where the sweet per-fume of the wood-bine's bloom, Is a-broad in the

pp

sum-mer air; Where the vio-let with the dew is wet, On the banks of the crys-tal

f *ff*

stream, And the lil-y bell in the mos-sy dell, Waves glad in the chequer'd beam.

A soft light smiles through the forest aisles,
And it sleeps on the moss below,
And the merry song of the warbling throng
Gives a welcome as on we go;
Where the walnut trees wave in the breeze,
And the broad elms cast their shade,
And the harebells nod o'er the verdant sod,
That carpets the forest glade.

We go, we go where the flowers grow,
To the woods, and dells, and streams,
In the early morn, when the day is born,
'Mid the dawn's reviving beams;
In the sunset hour, when the tree and flower
Are bathed in their loveliest hues;
In the silver light of the soft twilight,
When cool are the evening dews.

THE REAPERS' SONG.

Cheerfully. f

Hark! from wood - lands far a - way, Sounds the mer - ry

round - e - lay; Now a - cross the rus - set plain Slow - ly moves the

pp
load - ed wain: Greet the reap - ers as they come, Hap - py, hap - py har - vest

f
home! Greet the reap - ers as they come, Hap - py, hap - py har - vest home!

Never fear the wintry blast,
 Summer suns will shine at last;
 See the golden grain appear,
 See the produce of the year:
 Greet the reapers as they come,
 Happy, happy harvest home!

Children join the jocund ring,
 Young and old come forth and sing.
 Stripling blithe, and maiden gay,
 Hail the rural holiday:
 Greet the reapers as they come,
 Happy, happy harvest home!

CHEER, BOYS, CHEER!

f

Cheer, boys, cheer! no more of i - die sor - row, Cou - rage, true hearts shall

bear us on our way; Hope points be - fore, and shows the bright to - mor - row,

ff

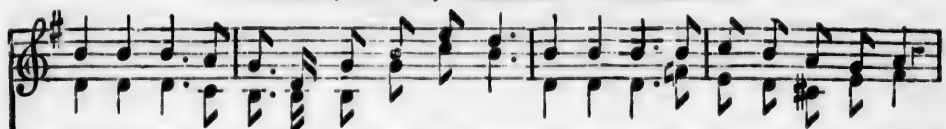
Let us for - get the dark - ness of to - day. So, fare - well, Eng - land, much as we

may love thee, We'll dry the tears that we have shed be - fore; Why should we weep to

dim. *ff*

sail in search of for - tune? So fare - well, Eng - land, fare - well for ev - er - more. Then

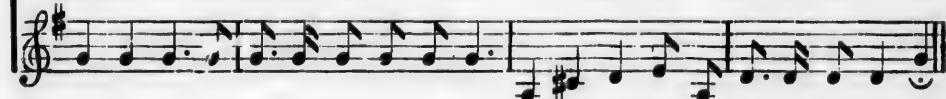
CHEER, BOYS, CHEER!—continued.



cheer, boys, cheer! for coun-try, mo-ther coun-try; Cheer, boys, cheer! the will-ing strong right hand;



Cheer, boys, cheer! there's wealth for hon-est la-bour; Cheer, boys, cheer! for the new and hap-py land,



Cheer, boys, cheer! the steady breeze is blowing,
To float us freely o'er the ocean's breast;
And the world shall follow in the track we're going,
The star of empire glitters in the west.

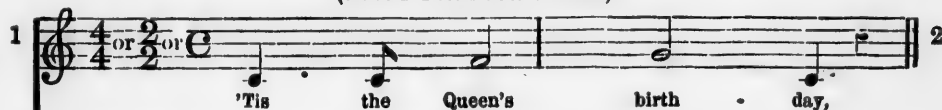
Here we had toil, and little to reward it,
But there shall plenty smile upon our pain,
And ours shall be the prairie and the forest,
And boundless meadows ripe with golden grain.

CHORUS.

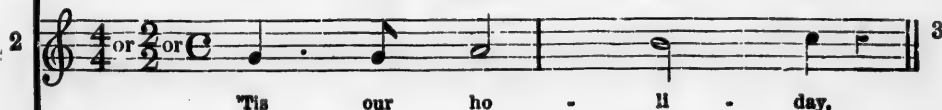
Then cheer, boys, cheer! no more of idle sorrow;
Cheer, boys, cheer! united heart and hand;
Cheer, boys, cheer! there's wealth for honest labour;
Cheer, boys, cheer! for the new and happy land.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

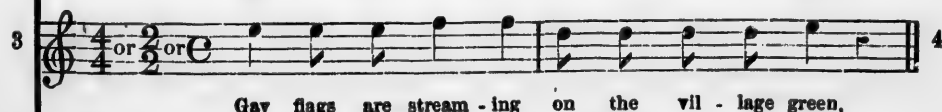
(ROUND FOR FOUR VOICES.)



'Tis the Queen's birth-day,



'Tis our ho-li-day,



Gay flags are stream-ing on the vil-lage green,



Bright fa-ces gleam-ing all a-round are seen.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

Moderato.

Lit - tle by - lit - tle, the bird builds her nest; Lit - tle
 by lit - tle, the sun sinks to rest; Lit - tle by lit - tle, the
 waves in their glee, Smooth the rough rock by the shore of the sea.

Drop after drop, falls the soft summer
 shower;
 Leaf close by leaf, grows the cool forest
 bower;
 Grain heap'd on grain, forms mountains
 so high.
 Till their cloud-capp'd summits are lost to
 the eye.

Little by little, the bee to her cell
 Brings the sweet honey, and garners it well;
 Little by little, the ant layeth by, [supply.
 From summer's abundance, the winter's
 Minute by minute, so passes the day;
 Hour after hour, years are gliding away:
 The moments improve until life be past,
 And, little by little, grow wise to the last.

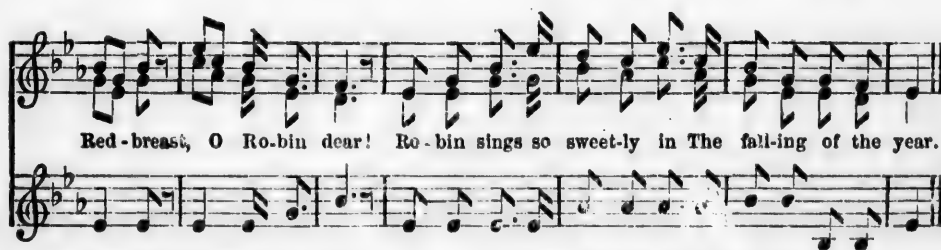
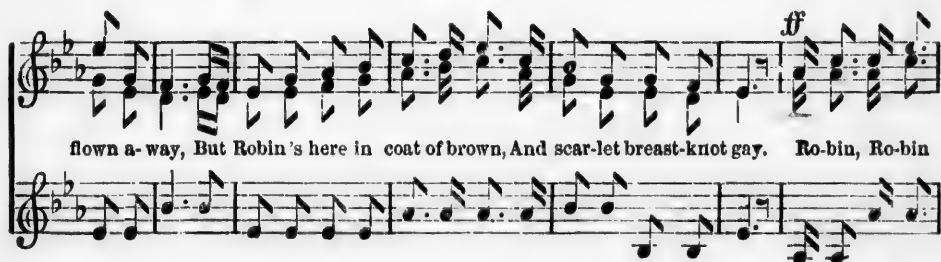
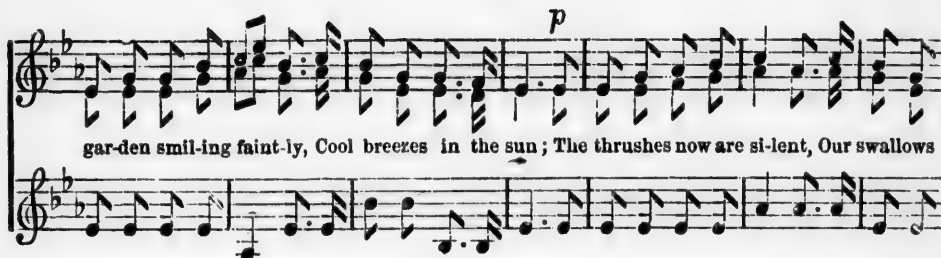
HARK! THE DISTANT CLOCK.

(ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.)

1 Hark! the dis-tant clock re-mind: us That an - oth - er hour has fled;
 2 Night is come, our task is end-ed, Friends, good night, 'tis time for bed.
 3 One, two, three, four, Five, six, seven, eight.

ROBIN REDBREAST.

Allegretto vivace. mf



Bright yellow, red and orange,
The leaves come down in hosts ;
The trees are Indian princes,
But soon they 'll turn to ghosts ;
The leathery pears and apples
Hang russet on the bough ;
It's autumn, autumn, autumn late,
'Twill soon be winter now.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear !
And what will this poor Robin do ?
For pinching days are near.

The fireside for the cricket,
The wheat-stack for the mouse,
When trembling night-winds whistling,
And moan all round the house.
The frosty ways like iron,
The branches plumed with snow ;
Alas ! in winter dead and dark,
Where can poor Robin go ?
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear !
A crumb of bread for Robin,
His little heart to cheer.

OH, DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

Very lively. 3/8: pp

Oh! dear! what can the mat - ter be? Dear! dear!

what can the mat - ter be? Oh! dear! what can the mat - ter be?

Fine. f
That we have cry - ing a - gain! These chil - dren were naugh - ty, and would be a -

- cry - ing, When les - sons they ought in the school to be say - ing, And still they per -

sist in the rule dis - o - bey - ing, And giv - ing us all so much pain.

OH, DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?—continued.

Oh, dear! what can the matter be?
Dear, dear! what can the matter be?
Oh, dear! what can the matter be?
That we have crying again!

These children, we hope, from their faults will be turning,
And lessons endeavour in school to be learning,
Their teacher's esteem by their diligence earning,
And then they'll be happy again.

A CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

H. F. S.

Moderato. mf

At the close of ev-ry day, Lord, to Thee I kneel and pray;

Look up - on Thy lit - tle child, Look in love and mer - cy mild.

p

Oh! for - give and wash a - way All my naugh - ty ways to - day;

f

And, both when I sleep and wake, Bless me for my Sav - iour's sake.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Moderato.

Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn - ing,

Dawn on our dark - ness, and lend us thine aid; Star of the

East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re-

deem - er is laid. Cold on His cra - dle the dew - drops are shin - ing,

Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall; An - gels a - dore Him in

CHRISTMAS CAROL—continued.

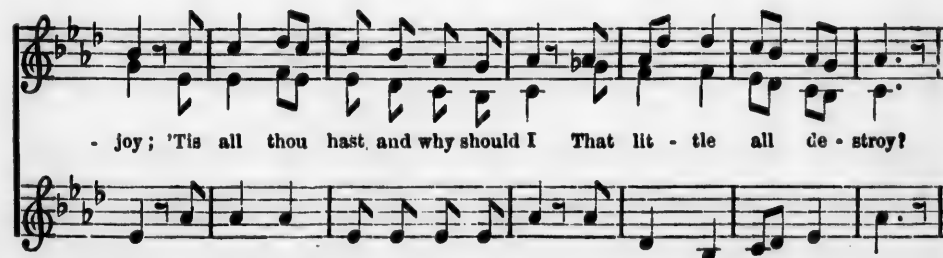
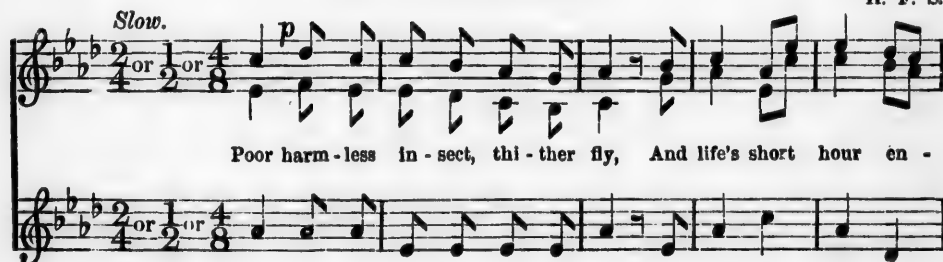


Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
 Odours of Edom, and offerings divine;
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the
 ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from
 the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gold would His favour se-
 cure;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the
 poor.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

H. F. S.



Why should my tyrant will suspend
 A life by wisdom given;
 Or sooner bid thy being end,
 Than was ordain'd by Heaven?

Lost to the joy that reason knows,
 Thy bosom, fair and frail,
 Loves but to wander where the rose
 Perfumes the pleasant gale.

To bask upon the sunny bed,
 The damask flower to kiss;
 To rove along the bending shade,
 Is all thy little bliss.

Then flutter still thy silken wings
 In rich embroidery dress'd;
 And sport upon the gale that flings
 Sweet odours from his vest.

BE KIND TO THE LOVED ONES AT HOME.

Moderate. With feeling.

Be kind to thy fa-ther, for when thou wert young, Who

loved thee so fond-ly as he? He caught the first ac-cents that fell from thy

tongue, And join'd in thy in-no-cent glee. Be kind to thy fa-ther, for

now he is old, His hair in-ter-min-gled with gray; His foot-steps are

fee-ble, once fear-less and bold, Thy fa-ther is pass-ing a-way.

BE KIND TO THE LOVED ONES AT HOME—continued.

Be kind to thy mother, for lo! on her brow
May traces of sorrow be seen;
Oh! well may'st thou cherish and comfort
her now,

For loving and kind hath she been.
Remember thy mother, for thee will she pray,
As long as God giveth her breath;
With accents of kindness, then, cheer her
lone way,
Even to the dark valley of death.

Be kind to thy brother, his heart will have
dearth,

If the smile of thy joy be withdrawn;
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth,
If the dew of affection be gone.

Be kind to thy brother; wherever you are,
The love of a brother shall be
An ornament purer and richer by far
Than pearls from the depth of the sea.

Be kind to thy sister, not many may know
The depth of true sisterly love;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms be-
low

The surface that sparkles above.
Be kind to thy father, once fearless and
bold;

Be kind to thy mother so dear;
Be kind to thy brother, nor show thy heart
cold;
Be kind to thy sister so dear.

SHALL WE GO TO THE WOODS?

Very lively. 1st time f 2d time p

Shall we go to the woods where the ev - er - green grows, Whose leaves
We will spor - tive - ly chat, and we'll mer - ri - ly sing, And drank

1st time. || 2d time. *pp*
drink the dew, and de - cay ne - ver knows;
of the wa - ter that flows from the spring. } Will you, will you, will you,

f
will you come to the wood? Will you, will you, will you, will you come to the wood?

We will sit by the rill, as it joyously gleams
Like jewels that shine in the bright sunny beams;
No wonder it dances with joy on its way,
'Twill surely find welcome where'er it may stray.
Will you, &c.

THE BIRD'S PETITION.

Moderato. *mf*

Oh stay your hand, my lit - tle boy, And do not rob my

nest; Why should you, for a mo - ment's joy, My hap - py brood mo - lest?

My little ones, my hope and pride,
Have not yet learn'd to fly;
And if you take them from my side,
They soon will pine and die!
Think, gentle boy, what would you feel,
And your dear mother, too,
If to your bed some thief should steal,
And hurry off with you?

Oh, do not, do not climb the tree,
To spoil our nest so warm;
For you indeed must cruel be,
If you would do us harm.

Return, then, to your happy home;
And be it happy long!
And to your window I will come,
And thank you with a song.

THE BUSY BEE.

Lively. 1st time *p* 2d time *f*

In the ear - ly beams of spring, Flies the bus - y bee;
Ply - ing its un - wea - ried wing, Flies the bus - y bee;

pp

Hum - ming in each wood - land bower, Peep - ing in - to ev - 'ry flower,

THE BUSY BEE—continued.

Two staves of music in G major (one sharp). The first staff begins with a forte *f* dynamic. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with lyrics written below the notes.

Us - ing ev - 'ry sun - ny hour, Flies the bus - y bee.

In the sober autumn's time,
Flies the busy bee;
Though the flowers are past their prime,
Flies the busy bee;
Ere the wintry storms shall roar,
And the flowers shall bloom no more,
Laying up its honey'd store,
Flies the busy bee.

In the sultry summer days,
Flies the busy bee;
Basking in the burning rays,
Flies the busy bee;
Gath'ring from each flowery bell,
In the garden, field, or dell,
Sweets to store its curious cell,
Flies the busy bee.

AT THE HARVEST HOME.

(ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.)

Three staves of music for three voices, labeled 1, 2, and 3. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is 4/4 or 2/2 or C. The melody is a simple round. The lyrics are written below the notes.

At the har - vest home, bid the plough good speed;
God bless the reap - er with his sheave;
Oh, ho! say you so? The
Hey for the man that scat - ters the seed.
Oh may the thresh-er nev - - - er grieve.
corn will make the mill to go, The corn will make the mill to go.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Lively. f

Shep-herds on their flocks at-tend-ing, Shep-herds that in night-time watch,

p

Saw the mes-sen-ger de-scend-ing, From the courts of heaven de-spatch'd. Beams of

pp

glo-ry deck'd his mis-sion, Burst-ing through the vale of night; Fear pos-sess'd them

f

at the vi-sion, Tremb-ling, they be-held the light; Fear pos-sess'd them

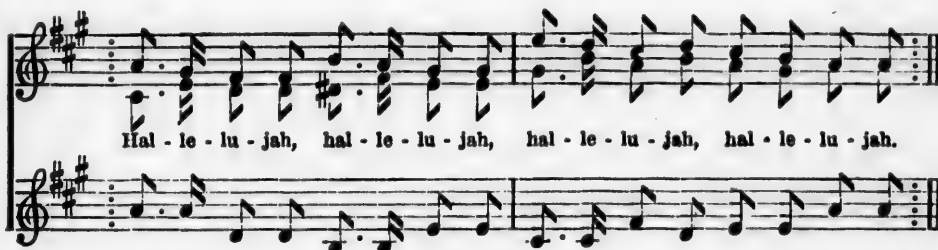
ff

at the vi-sion, Tremb-ling, they be-held the light. Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah,

CHRISTMAS CAROL—continued.



hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah,



Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah.

Dove-like meekness graced his visage,
Joy and love shone round his head;
Soon he cheer'd them with his message,
Comfort flow'd from all he said.
Fear not, fav'rites of th' Almighty,
Joyful news to you I bring;
You have now in David's city,
Born a Saviour, Christ the King.

Hallelujah.

Lo! sweet babe, we fall before Thee,
Jesus, Thee we all adore;
Thine's the kingdom, power, and glory,
We'll proclaim Thee evermore;
Glory to our God be given,
By the radiant hosts above;
Peace on earth to men forgiven,
Objects of redeeming love.

Hallelujah.

OH, HOW LOVELY!

(ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.)



Oh how love - ly is the eve - ning, is the eve - ning,

When to rest the bells are ring - ing, bells are ring - ing!

Bome! bome! bome! bome! bome! bome

ALONG THE LINE.

H. V. S.

Firmly. *f*

4 or 2 or C

Stand - y be your bea - con blaze, A - long the line! a - long the

line! Fr e - ly sing dear Free-dom's praise, A - long the line! a - long the line!

ff

Let the on - ly sword you draw Bear the le - gend of the law;

P

Wield it less to strike than awe, A - long the line! a - long the line!

Let them rail against the land,
 Beyond the line! beyond the line!
 When its heroes forth it sends
 Along the line! along the line!
 On the field or in the camp,
 They shall tremble at your tramp!
 Men of the old Normal stamp,
 Along the line! along the line!

COMING FROM SCHOOL.

Lively. mf

They are com - ing, hap - py chil - dren, School is out and

they're at play, Com - ing through the lane and orch - ard, Sure - ly not the near - est

Fine. p

way! Ros - y cheeks and eyes that spar - kle, Laugh that's ring - ing loud and

free, Con - stant din of child - ish prat - tle; Not a heart but's fill'd with glee.

Roaming here and there 'mid flowers,
 Playing drive, or take a ride,
 Counting o'er the mountain frolics,
 Source alike of joy and pride.
 Nought care they for wealth or fashion,
 Bonnets swinging in their hand,
 Fairy locks are feebly waving
 Round the brows so deeply tann'd.
 They are coming, happy children, &c.

Little hats are clutch'd half brimless,
 Butterflies must now take care;
 Earnestly each youthful sportsman
 Longs to take them in his snare.
 Tiny feet are treading homeward,
 By the brook, and 'long the hill,
 Pausing at each downy bird's nest,
 And the rocks beside the rill.
 They are coming, happy children, &c.

THE GLEANER.

Moderato. mf

Be - fore the bright sun ris - es o - ver the hill, In the corn - field

p *mf*

poor Mar - y is seen; Im - pa - tient her lit - tle blue a - pron to fill

p

With the few scat - ter'd ears she can glean. She nev - er leaves off nor runs

p *f*

out of her place, To play or to i - die and chat; Ex - cept now and

then, just to wipe her hot face, And to fan her - self with her broad hat.

THE GLEANER—continued.

When the shadows grew small 'neath the
sun of mid-day,
We saw her still stooping to glean;
We begg'd her a while from her labor to
stay,
And to rest on the cool shady green.
"Poor girl! hard at work in the heat of
the sun,
How tired and warm you must be!
Why don't you leave off, as the others have
done,
And sit with them under the tree?"

Oh, no! for my mother lies ill in her
bed,
Too feeble to spin or to knit;
And my poor little brothers are crying for
bread,
And we hardly can give them a bit.
Then could I be merry, or idle, and
play,
While they are so hungry and ill?
Oh, no! I would rather work hard all the
day,
My little blue apron to fill.

TO THE GREENWOOD'S SUNNY GLADE.

Fast. p

To the green-wood's sun-ny glade, Come, come a - way, Tra la la; In the

f *p*

green-wood's leaf - y shade, Birds sing all day, Tra la la; Black - birds are whist - ling

f *ff*

loud and clear, and the sweet thrush we hear, With the lin-net far and near, Warbling all day.

Hid amongst the boughs so high,
Broods the fond dove, Tra la la;
Murmuring unceasingly
Her tale of love, Tra la la.

There let us sit and idly dream,
Watching some straggling beam
Play upon the sparkling stream.
In that lark grove.

HOME, SWEET HOME!

Very smoothly. p

'Mid plea-sures and pa-la-cies though we may roam, Be it

The first system of the musical score for 'Home, Sweet Home!'. It features a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The time signature is indicated as 4/4 or 3/4 or C. The melody is written on a single staff with a piano (p) dynamic marking. The lyrics are: 'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam, Be it

p

ev-er so hum-ble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to

The second system of the musical score. It continues the melody with a piano (p) dynamic marking. The lyrics are: ev-er so hum-ble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to

p

hal-low us there, Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with else-where.

The third system of the musical score. It continues the melody with a piano (p) dynamic marking. The lyrics are: hal-low us there, Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with else-where.

p *slow.*

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ev-er so humble, there's no place like home.

The fourth system of the musical score. It features a piano (p) dynamic marking and a 'slow.' tempo instruction. The lyrics are: Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ev-er so humble, there's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
 Oh! give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again,
 The birds singing gaily that came at my call,
 Give me them, with peace of mind, home, that's dearer than all.
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

TIME IS EVER FLOWING.

H. F. S.

Smoothly.

Time is ev - er flow - ing, Like a dream or song,

Swift - ly on its pin - ions Pass we now a - long; Let no

i - die vi - sion Dim our path with care, But where vir - tue

calls us, To her paths so fair, Be our foot - steps there.

Life hath in its story
 Many a precious page,
 Lit with truest glory,
 Fresh in youth and age:
 Let no dream of pleasure
 Dim its holy ray,
 Fill we up the measure
 Of life's fitful day,
 Ere we pass away.

OUR COUNTRY AND OUR QUEEN.

Andantino.

mf ♩

H. F. A.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The time signature is 4/2, with a note indicating it can also be played in 2/2 or common time (C). The melody is written on the upper staff, and the accompaniment is on the lower staff. The lyrics 'In o - ther lands the bright sun-beams, With rich - er glow is' are written below the staves.

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics 'known, But none, how - ev - er fair they seem, Are fair - er than our' are written below the staves.

The third system of musical notation includes the word 'Fine.' and a dynamic marking of *p* (piano). The melody ends with a fermata. The lyrics 'own. And none a mo-narch can pos-sess, As on our throne is seen.' are written below the staves.

The fourth system of musical notation begins with a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) and includes the instruction 'Repeat full. ♩ '. The melody and accompaniment continue. The lyrics 'So then we'll pray to God to bless Our Coun-try and our Queen.' are written below the staves.

In song let children hail her name,
For she our love hath won,
By deeds of more enduring fame,
Than manhood's might have done.
And long as language can express,
What in the heart's unseen,
We'll pray to God above to bless
Our Country and our Queen.
In other lands, &c.

Though great her glory and renown,
Theme of her people's prayers,
May she yet win a nobler crown
Than that on earth she wears :
And long may future times confess
The witness we have seen ;
But, Lord, in Thy great love still bless
Our Country and our Queen.
In other lands, &c.

SPRING.

Moderato. *f*

See, see how the i - ces are melt - ing a - way!

pp *f*

The riv - ers have burst from their chain! The woods and the

p

hed - ges with ver - dure look gay, And dal - sies en - am - el the plain.

The sun rises high and shines warm o'er the dale,
The orchards with blossoms are white;
The voice of the woodlark is heard in the vale,
And the cuckoo returns from her flight.

Young lambs sport and frisk on the side of the hill,
The honey-bee wakes from her sleep;
The turtle-dove opens her soft cooing bill,
And the snowdrops and primroses peep.

All nature looks active, delightful, and gay;
The creatures begin their employ:
Ah! let me not be less industrious than they,
An idle, and indolent boy.

Now, while in the spring of my vigor and bloom,
In the paths of fair learning I'll run;
Nor let the best part of my being consume,
With nothing of consequence done.

Thus, if to my lessons with care I attend,
And store up the knowledge I gain;
When the winter of age shall upon me descend,
'Twill cheer the dark season of pain.

MAY IS HERE.

Moderato. *f*

May is here! the world re-joic-es; Earth puts on her smiles to

greet her; Grove and field lift up their voic-es; Leaf and flower come forth to

p

meet her. Hap-py May! blithe-some May! Win-ter's reign has pass'd a-way.

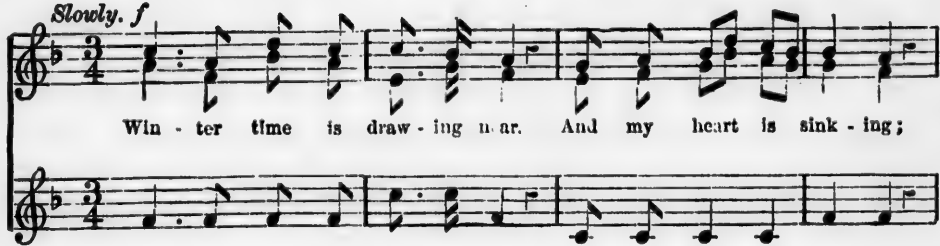
Hap-py May! blithe-some May! Win-ter's reign has pass'd a-way.

Birds through ev'ry thicket calling,
Wake the woods to sounds of gladness:
Hark! the long-drawn notes are falling,
Sad, but pleasant in their sadness.
Happy May! blithesome May!
Winter's reign has pass'd away.

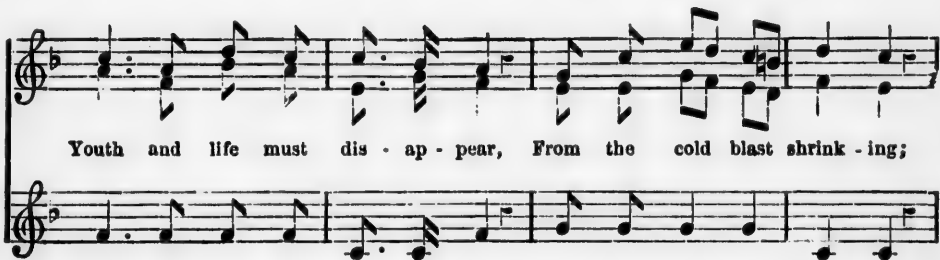
Earth to heaven lifts up her voices;
Sky, and field, and wood, and river:
With their heart our heart rejoices;
For His gifts we praise the Giver.
Happy May! blithesome May!
Winter's reign has pass'd away.

AUTUMN.

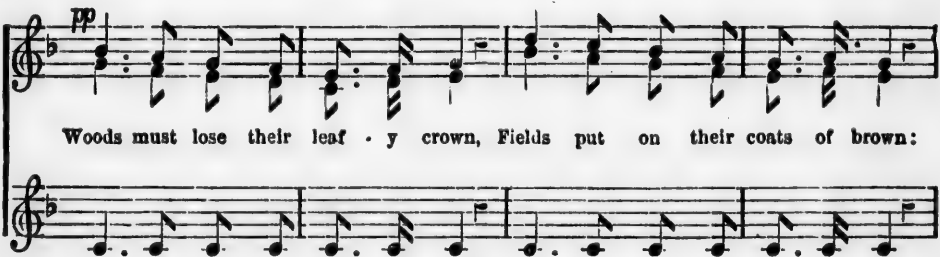
Slowly. f



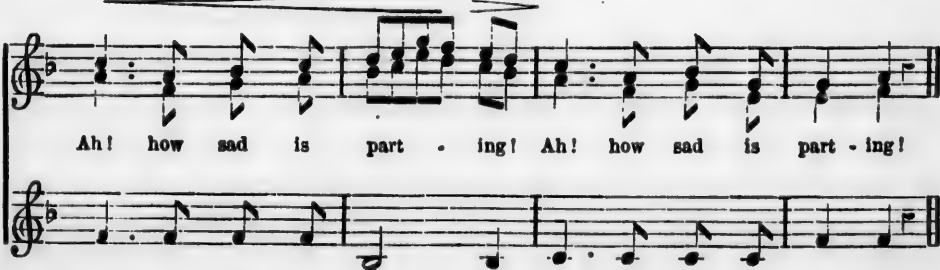
Win - ter time is draw - ing n. ar. And my heart is sink - ing;



Youth and life must dis - ap - pear, From the cold blast shrink - ing;



Woods must lose their leaf - y crown, Fields put on their coats of brown:



Ah! how sad is part - ing! Ah! how sad is part - ing!

Summer birds have sung their last,
From our cold land flying;
Summer skies are overcast,
Shrilly winds are sighing;
Not a butterfly is seen,
Humming-bee nor beetle sheen:
Ah, how sad is parting!

Yes! we bid you all good-bye,
Birds, and bees, and flowers;
Summer breezes, summer sky,
Happy summer hours.
Hear you not the Autumn gale,
Saying, with its mournful wail,
Sad, ah sad, is parting!

AWAKE, LITTLE SLEEPER.

H. F. S.

Lively.

A - wake thee, lit - tle sleep - er, No long - er slumb - ring lie, The

ro - sy light is break - ing O'er all the east - ern sky, And joy - ous birds are

wing - ing Their flight from tree to tree, While all the air is ring - ing With

sweet - est mel - o - dy; Let thy young face be lift - ed, In strains of grate - ful

song, Un - to thy great Cre - a - tor, Who doth thy days pro - long.

AWAKE, LITTLE SLEEPER—continued.

Awake thee, little sleeper,
And view the glorious sun,
His circuit through the heaven
Already is begun;
He look'd in at the window,
To find thee sleeping still,

Then hasten'd on his journey,
Far over vale and hill;
Behold him as he speedeth
Upon his onward way,
For never once he pauseth
Till evening's closing ray.

*'Repeat Music from * for this verse)*
Thus let thy path be onward,
And upward every day;
So shall thy rest be glorious,
When life has pass'd away.

SPRING.

Briskly. *f*

The win - ter is ov - er, good - bye to the snow; The

pp

grass in the fields is be - gin - ning to grow; Now skim - ming the mea - dows

f

the swal - low is seen; How soft on the trees is the first tinge of green!

It seem'd as if life had from earth pass'd away,
So still in her cold winter mantle she lay;
Ah, no! she was sleeping, and now, fresh and bright,
Her buds and her blossoms unfold to the light.
The sweet breath of violets comes on the breeze!
How busy the rooks seem among the tall trees!
Yea, winter is over, I hear the birds sing,
We'll join in the chorus, and greet thee, O Spring!

THE MERRY SWISS BOY.

8

2 or 2 or 4

Come, a-rouse thee, a-rouse thee, my brave Swiss boy, Take thy pail, and to

Fine.

8

la-bor a-way; The sun is up with red-dy beam, The kine are throng-ing to the stream:

Am not I, am not I, say, a merry Swiss
boy,
When I hie to the mountain away?
For there a shepherd maiden dear,
Awaits my song with listening ear:
Am not I, am not I, then, a merry Swiss
boy,
When I hie to the mountain away?

Then at night, then at night, oh! a gay
Swiss boy,
I'm away to my comrades, away;
The cup we fill, the wine is pass'd
In friendship round, until, at last,
With "Good night," and "Good night,"
goes the happy Swiss boy,
To his home and his slumbers away.

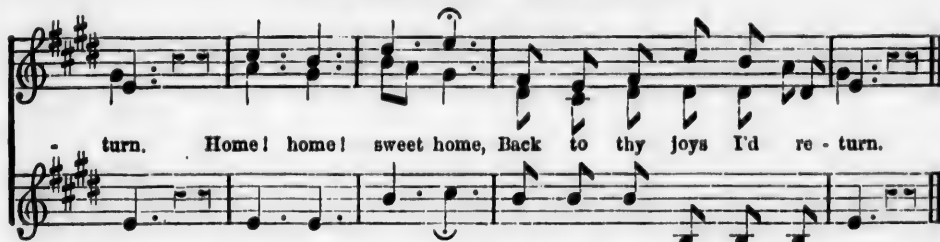
HOME, HOME!

Moderato. mf

Home! home! name how en-dear-ing, Home! home! shrined in my breast;

Home! home! to my heart cheer-ing. Back to thy joys I'd re-

HOME, HOME!—continued.



Home! home! happiest of places;
Home! home! thee I desire!
Home! home! kind were the faces
That I have met round thy fire!
Home! home! sweet home!
That I have met round thy fire!

Home! home! to thee united,
Home! home! for thee I burn!
Home! home! with thee delighted,
Back to thy joys I'd return!
Home! home! sweet home!
Back to thy joys I'd return!

NIGHT'S SHADES HAVE PASSED.



Night's shades have pass'd from grove and moun - tain;



Day smiles on men - dow, grove, and foun-tain. Morn - ing a - round



sweet - ly is break-ing; Na - ture in fresh - ness is a - wak - ing.



Hail we the day, joy-ous in beau-ty, Wak-ing the heart to life and du-ty.

GIRLS—Thus from the heart night's visions fleeting,
Hail we the dawn with pleasant greeting.

BOYS—Morning renews life's active story,
Wooing the soul to toil and glory.

CHORUS.

Hail we the day, joyous in beauty,
Waking the heart to life and duty.

Divide the Class, Division, or whole School into two parts—or, the girls may sing the first part, the boys the second, and both join in the chorus.

THE BABY HOUSE.

H. F. S.

Slow, and emphatic.

Fast.

See! dear Pol - ly! what a state our house is in! Come,
wash the mugs, Shake all the rugs, And dust the par - lour floor, dear; Wind
up the jack, And glean the rack, And mend the pan - try door, dear!

Slow—See! dear Polly! what a state our dolls are in!

Fast—Then comb their locks,

Put on their socks,

And shoes upon their feet, dear!

Smooth all their things,

And tie their strings,

nd make them nice and neat, dear!

THE KINE, THE KINE.

(ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.)

1 The kine, the kine are home - ward go - ing 2
2 Where o'er the ford the stream is flow - ing, 3
3 They drink and wan - der on ward low - ing. 1

VACATION SONG.

H. F. S.

And.

Come,

dear; Wind

oor, dear!

ing

ing,

1

ing.

Joyfully. f

H. F. S.

Now school and tasks are o - ver, The ho - li - days have

come, And ev - ry boy a ro - ver, Can seek his friends and home.

p
We'll rove the woods at even - ing, Or by the glad sea shore,

f
When waves are proud - ly heav - ing, We'll pull the spring - ing car.

With sports and harmless funning,
Through each long summer day,
In boating, leaping, running,
We'll laugh, and sing, and play;
Still all we've learnt we'll treasure,
And seek to make it more,
For knowledge adds to pleasure,
And truth's a precious store.
CHORUS—Still all we've learnt, &c.

How well to know the reason
Of all we see around,
The change of time and season,
And treasures of the ground;
To trace on land and ocean
The work of nature's laws,
And find in rest and motion
The same Eternal Cause.
CHORUS—To trace on land, &c.

WINTER.

Moderato. f

O Win - ter time, O Win - ter time, Have we no song to
 praise thee? The charms of Sum - mer and of Spring, And Au-tumn's prais-es, too, we
 sing; O Win - ter time, cold Win - ter time, A cho - rus we will raise thee!

We cannot praise thy short dark days;
 What hast thou to endear thee?
 Thy mantle is the mist and snow,
 Thy voice we hear when tempests blow,
 But strong and bold, though stern and cold;
 We love thee while we fear thee.

And oh, how bright the Winter night,
 When stars their watch are keeping!
 Where countless myriads gem the sky,
 Orion waves his sword on high,
 And through the night, so still and bright,
 He wakes when all are sleeping!

Then Winter time brings Christmas time,
 With many a household meeting;
 From school the merry urchin comes,
 And sunny looks light up our homes;
 O Christmas time, most blessed time,
 For all thou hast a greeting.

THE WIND AND THE SQUIRREL.

Very lively. SQUIRREL.

Puff! puff! puff! Sir Wil - ful Wind! I'll quick - ly close my lit - tle door, No

THE WIND AND THE SQUIRREL—continued.

way to en - ter you shall find, Though you may howl, and rage, and roar.

WIND—Though one little door you close,
I'll find a dozen in your tree ;
Sir Nimble Frisker, don't suppose
That you can keep out one like me.
Frisker door and windows barr'd,
Above, below, before, behind :

Sir Wilful Wind he bluster'd hard,
But not a cranny could he find ;
Then a savage shriek he gave :
In his house so safely shut,
Frisker scarcely heard him rave,
But sat in peace and crack'd a nut.

THERE'S NOUGHT THAT CONTINUES UNCHANGING.

Moderato. mf

There's nought that con - tin - ues un - chang - ing, Be - neath the moon's

var - y - ing sway ; All those who with us are now dwell - ing, Just

bloom and then wi - th - er a - way, Just bloom and then wi - th - er a - way.

Thus joyfully sitting together,
United in friendship and glee,
We gladden the hearts of each other :
Oh ! thus that it ever might be !
But should we be far from each other,
Our hearts can be sever'd by none ;

And all—yes, we all will be thankful
When blessings are granted to one.
And if, during life's weary journey,
Again we should happen to meet,
Then shall this, our joyful beginning,
Be closed by an ending as sweet.

THE NORTH WIND DOTHS BLOW.

Moderato. mf *p*

The north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow, And

what will the Ro - bin do then, poor thing? He'll sit in a barn, And

keep him - self warm, And hide his head un - der his wing, poor thing.

The north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow,
And what will the swallow do then, poor thing?

Oh! do you not know?

He's gone, long ago,

To a country much warmer than ours, poor thing.

The north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow,
And what will the honey-bee do, poor thing?

In his hive he will stay

Till the cold's pass'd away,

And then he'll come out in the spring, poor thing.

The north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow,
And what will the dormouse do then, poor thing?

Roll'd up like a ball,

In his nest snug and small,

He'll sleep till warm weather comes back, poor thing.

The north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow,
And what will the children do then, poor things?

When lessons are done,

They'll jump, skip, and run,

And play till they make themselves warm, poor things.

THE SCHOOL BELL.

Lively. f

Come, boys, a - way! The school bell is ring - ing;

pp

Come, let us hast - en, hast - en on our way; Then

let us gal - ly wend our way, And leave our youth - ful

ff

sports and play; Come, let us hast - en, hast - en on our way.

Come, let us join
 Our hearts and our voices,
 All sing in joyful, happy, happy song;
 We'll learn to read, and write, and spell,
 And study all our lessons well;
 Then let us hasten, hasten on our way.

HAPPY BOYS.

Fast. f

All work, no play, would make us dull, So at the mo-del* school, To

pp

stud - y and to play in turn Has al - ways been the rule; And all our

fun is jol - ly oh! is jol - ly oh! is jol - ly oh! And all our

ff

fun is jol - ly oh! At the pleas - ant mod - el school! We sing, we

we play,

play, we laugh! ah! ah! we laugh! ah! ah! We play, we

we sing, ah! ah! ah! ah! we play,

HAPPY BOYS—continued.

First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves in G major (one sharp). The melody starts with a quarter rest followed by a quarter note G. The lyrics are: sing, What hap - py boys are we! Fal la la, fal la la, we sing, What

Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. The melody continues with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are: fal la la, fal la la, Fal la la, fal la la, fal la la, la

Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. The melody continues with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are: la, la, la, la, Come, boys! now to play a - gain, now to play a - gain,

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. The melody continues with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are: now to play a - gain, Come, boys! now to play a - gain, What hap - py boys are we!

For merry sports on bar or swing
 We're never at a loss,
 And when we tire of these we play
 At cricket or La Crosse.
 And then our fun is jolly, &c.

We ne'er get angry, swear, or call
 Each other vulgar names,
 But strive to be young gentlemen
 In playing all our games.
 And thus our fun is jolly, &c.

And when, as men, in future years,
 We seek for other joys,
 We'll ne'er forget the model* school,
 Or games we play'd when boys.
 For all our fun was jolly, &c.

* Model, central, or common.

THE FOX AND GRAPES.

p *f*

A hun - gry fox one day did spy, Fa la la, fa

p

la la la la la, Some nice ripe grapes that hung full high,

f *p*

Fa la la, fa la la la la la; And as they hung they

p

seem'd to say, To him who un - der - neath did stay, "If you can

ff

reach me down you may." Fa la la, fa la la la la.

THE FOX AND GRAPES—continued.

The fox he jump'd, and jump'd again,
Fa la la, &c.
And tried to reach them, but in vain,
Fa la la, &c.

He smack'd his lips for near an hour,
But found the prize beyond his power,
And then he said, "The grapes are sour!"
Fa la la, &c.

THE FOX.



The fox jump'd up in a hun - gry plight, And begg'd the moon to



give him light, For he had ma - ny miles to trot that night, Be-



fore he reach'd his den, O! his den, O! his den, O! For he



had ma - ny miles to trot that night, Be - fore he reach'd his den, O!

At last he came to the farmer's yard,
Where the ducks and geese declared they
heard
That their nerves should be shaken and
their rest be marr'd
By a visit from Mr Fox, O! fox, O! fox, O!
That their nerves, &c.

He took the gray goose by the sleeve,
Says he, "Madam Goose, and by your
leave,
I'll carry you away without reprieve,
And I'll take you to my den, O! den, O!
den, O!"
I'll carry, &c.

He took the gray goose by the neck,
And swung her quite across his back;
The black duck cried out, "Quack, quack,
quack!"
The fox is off to his den, O! den, O!
den, O!
The black duck, &c.

Old Mrs Slipper-Slopper jump'd out of
bed,
And out of the window popp'd her head;
"Oh, John, John, John! the gray goose is
gone! [den, O!]"
The fox is off to his den, O! den, O!
Oh, John, &c.

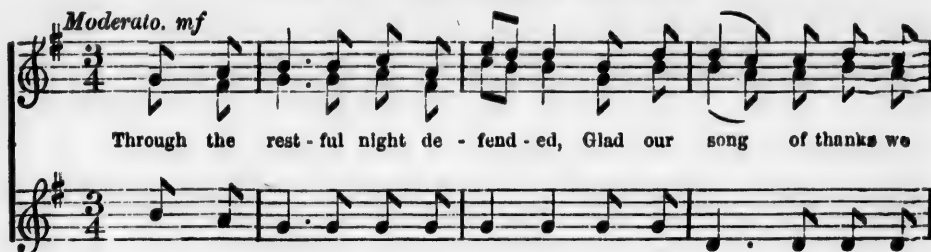
John went up to the top of the hill,
And blew a blast both loud and shrill;
Says the fox, "That is very pretty music,
still
I'd rather been in my den, O! den, O!
den, O!"
Says the fox, &c.

At last the fox got to his den,
To his dear little foxes, eight, nine, ten;
Says he, "By good luck there's a good fat
duck,
With its legs hanging dangling down, O!
down, O! down, O!"
With its legs, &c.

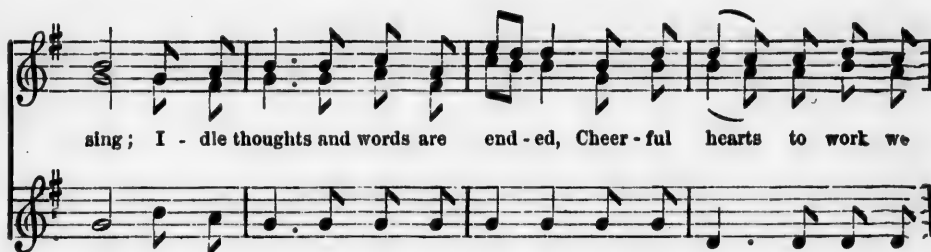
He sat down to dinner with his hungry wife,
They did very well without fork or knife;
They never ate a better duck all their life,
And the little ones pick'd the bones, O! bones, O! bones, O!
And the little ones, &c.

SONG ON BEGINNING SCHOOL.

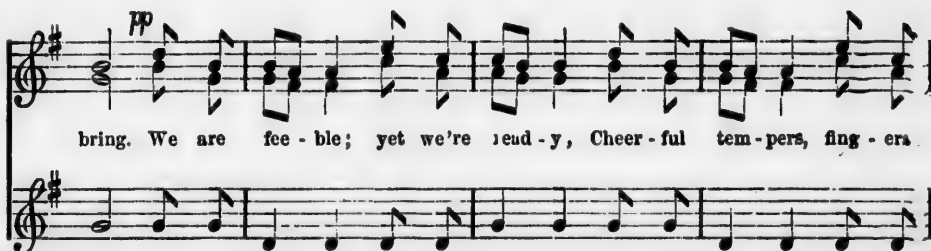
Moderato. mf



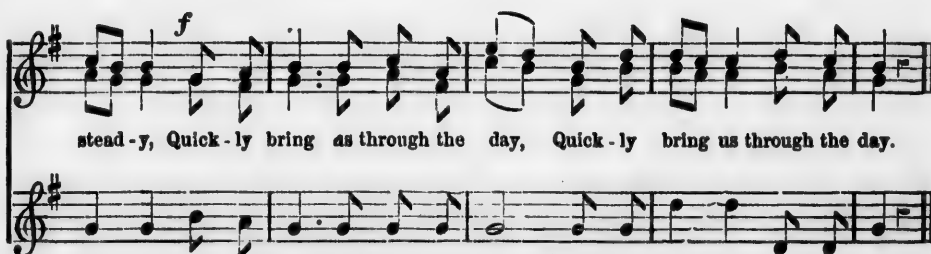
Through the rest-ful night de-fend-ed, Glad our song of thanks we



sing; I-dle thoughts and words are end-ed, Cheer-ful hearts to work we



bring. We are fee-ble; yet we're reud-y, Cheer-ful tem-pers, sing-era

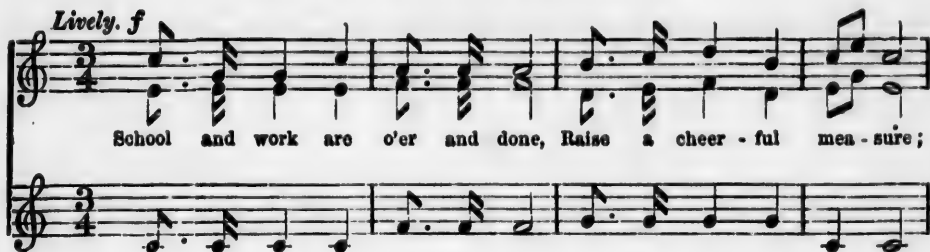


stead-y, Quick-ly bring as through the day, Quick-ly bring us through the day.

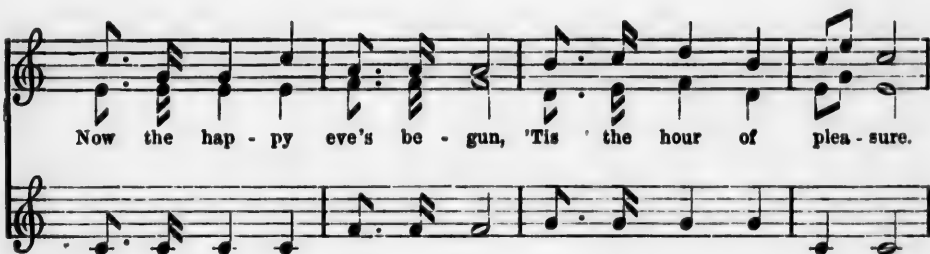
We are met in school with gladness,
 Eager each our tasks to learn;
 Idle days must lead to sadness,
 We were born our bread to earn.
 Youth is short-lived, life is pressing,
 All our labours need a blessing;
 God be with us through the day!

SONG ON LEAVING SCHOOL.

Lively. f



School and work are o'er and done, Raise a cheer - ful mea - sure ;



Now the hap - py eve's be - gun, 'Tis the hour of plea - sure.



Those who come with cheer - ful heart, Love their task and do their part,



Most en - joy their lei - sure, Most en - joy their lei - sure.

Glad each morn to school we go,
Girl (Boy) with girl (boy) returning:
Seeds of knowledge glad we sow;
Future harvests earning.
Now to play with joy we run;
There's a time for mirth and fun,
And a time for learning.

Yet our happy thoughts, 'tis right,
Graver thoughts should lend us;
God be with us through the night,—
Health and wisdom send us.
God preserve our Queen and land,
Keep our parents in His hand,
And for aye defend us.

VACATION SONG.

mf

A - way o - ver moun-tain, a - way o - ver plain! A - way, a -

- way, a - way! Va - ca - tion has come with its plea - sures a - gain!

p

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Where young steps are bound - ing, and

young hearts are gay, To fun and to fro - lic a - way, boys, a - way!

f

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! A - way, a - way, a - way!

VACATION SONG—continued.

We've sought your approval with hearty
 Away, away, away! [good will,
 We "old ones" have spoken, we young ones
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! [sat still,
 But now 'tis all over, we're off to our play,
 Nor will think of a school-book for three

weeks to day,
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
 Away, away, away!

The merry bells jingle, the steeds prance
 Away, away, away! [along,
 Beating time as they go to the driver's glad
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! [song,
 Now snow-balls are flying, and down to the
 bay

Our companions are hastening with skates
 and with sleigh:
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
 Away, away, away!

Kind friends all adieu, and we trust you
 Away, away, away! [have seen,
 How industrious, how earnest, how studi-
 ous we've been,

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! [done,
 Our teachers are weary, our lessons are
 Our parents are pleased, and dear Christ-
 mas has come,

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
 Away, away, away!

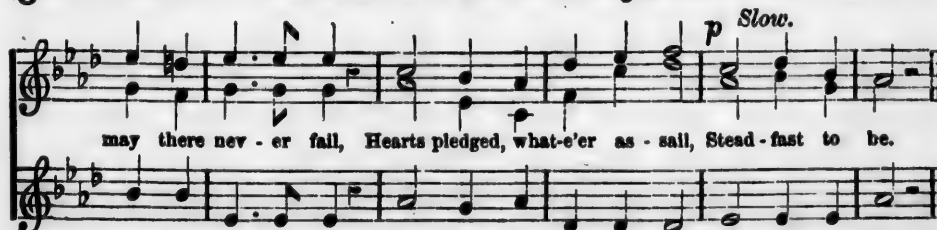
Dear comrades, farewell, ye who join us
 Away, away, away! [no more,

Think life is a school, and till term-time is
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! [o'er,
 Oh! meet unrepining each task that is
 given, [heaven—

Till our time of probation is ended in
 Ended in heaven! ended in heaven!
 Farewell! farewell! farewell!

A PRAYER FOR LIBERTY.

Moderate.



Oh! may the earnest power
 Truth can impart,
 Be every Briton's dower,
 Fire every heart,—
 Till the advancing light,
 And the victorious might,
 Of all that's good and right
 Never depart!

May justice, truth, and love
 Still be their care!
 Rather than traitor prove,
 Death even dare!
 Boldly for freedom stand,
 Bow but to her command,—
 God of our fatherland
 Hear, hear our prayer!

THREE BLIND MICE.

(ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.)

[The Original.]

1 Three blind mice, Three blind

2 See how they run, See how they

3 They all run af - ter the far-mer's wife, Who cut off their tails with a

mice, Three blind mice,

run, See how they run.

carv - ing knife: Did ev - er you hear such a thing in your life?

First Adaptation.

Three young flies,
Three young flies,
Three young flies;
Hark! how they buz,
Hark! how they buz,
Hark! how they buz;
They all flew into a grocer's shop, [top,
Where stood a blue jar without cover or
And into the honey jar all of them drop;
Three young flies, &c.

Second Adaptation.

Three silly boys,
Three silly boys,
Three silly boys;
See how they blush,
See how they blush,
See how they blush;
They all stole into the pastry-cook's,
To study the pastry instead of their books,
Till in at the window their teacher he
Three silly boys, &c. [looks,

WHITE SAND AND GRAY SAND.

(ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.)

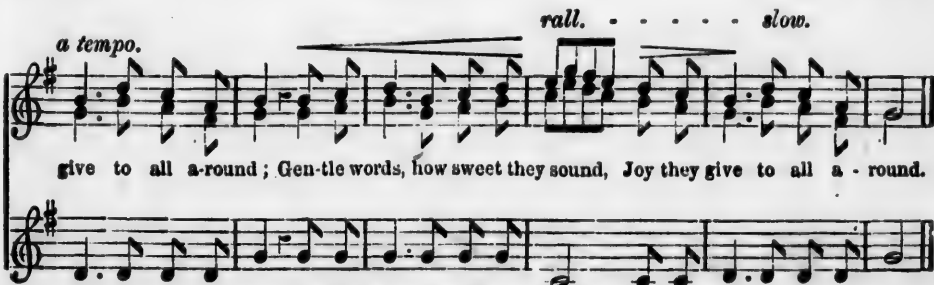
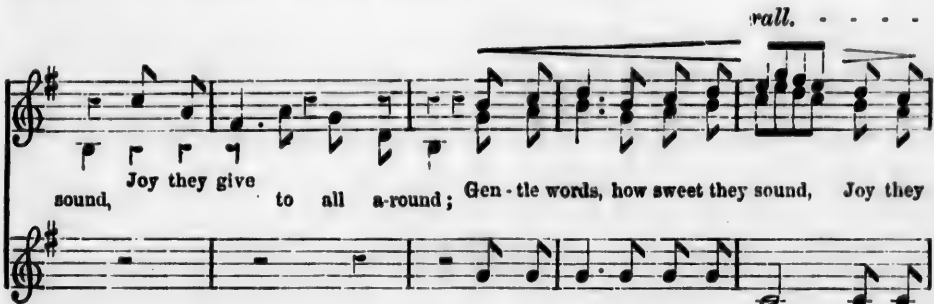
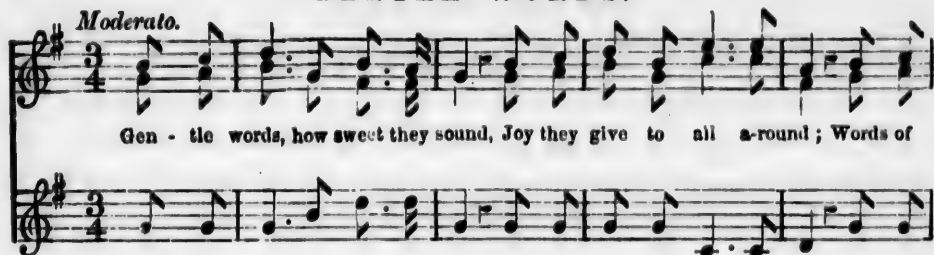
1 White sand and gray sand. 2

2 Who'll buy my white sand? 3

3 Who'll buy my gray sand? 1

GENTLE WORDS.

Moderato.



Gentle words will reach the heart,
Balm to sorrow they impart ;
Loving words are sweet to hear,
Joining hearts to others dear.

Gentle words then freely give,
They will teach you how to live ;
They to you are freely given,
Angels whisper them from heaven.

THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

Majestically. **f**

Bri - tan - nia the pride of the o - cean, The home of the

brave and the free; The shrine of each pa - triot's de - vo - tion, A

p world of - fers hom - age to thee! Thy man - dates make he - roes as -

- sem - ble, When lib - er - ty's form stands in view; Thy ban - ners make

f **CHORUS.**

tyr - an - ny trem - ble, When borne by the Red, White, and Blue, When

THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE—continued.

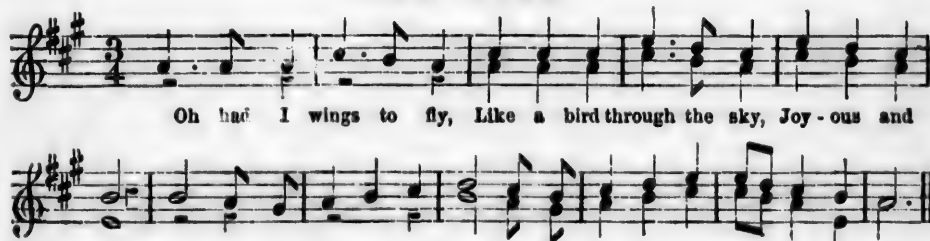


Dal Segno.

When war waged its wide desolation,
And threaten'd our land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
Old England, rode safe through the storm.
With her garland of victory o'er her,
So bravely she bore her bold crew,
With her flag floating proudly before her,
The boast of the Red, White, and Blue.
The boast of, &c.

The wine cup, the wine cup bring hither,
And fill it full up to the brim : [with-er,
May the wreaths they have won never
Nor the star of their glory grow dim ;
May the service united ne'er sever,
But each to their colors prove true,
The army and navy for ever, [Blue.
Three cheers for the Red, White, and
Three cheers, &c.

THE WISH.



free ; Far be-yond mor-tal sight, Up to the source of light, My path should be.

High o'er the mountain's crest,
Where the last sunbeams rest,
At close of day ;
Had I but wings to soar
Where the sun sets no more,
I would away.

Or when the stars at night,
Spangle the sky with light,
I would be there ;

Join then my hymn of love
With that bright choir above,
Floating in air.

But, ah ! I cannot rise,
Like a bird, through the skies,
I cannot fly ;

Only my heart can spring,
Only my thoughts take wing,
To God on high.

MY NATIVE LAND.

For the bless-ings that sur-round me, Thanks to thee, my

na-tive land! Strong-er love than ev-er bound me, Vow I thee, with heart and

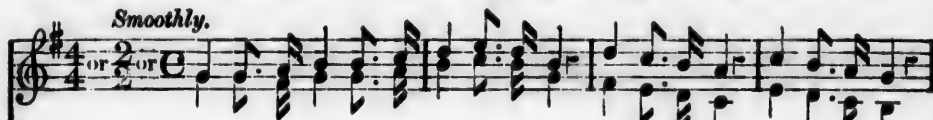
hand. Not with words and not with sing-ing On-ly, will I thank-fal

be; But with deeds will I be bring-ing, In thy need, my thanks to thee.

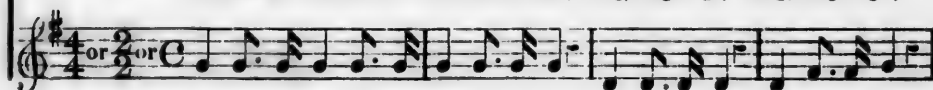
As in joy, so yet in sorrow,
 Still I say to friend and foe,
 Let us all, to-day, to-morrow,
 By her stand in weal and woe!
 For the blessings that surround me,
 Thanks to thee, my native land!
 Stronger love than ever bound me,
 Vow I thee, with heart and hand

TELL ME THE TALES THAT TO ME WERE SO DEAR.

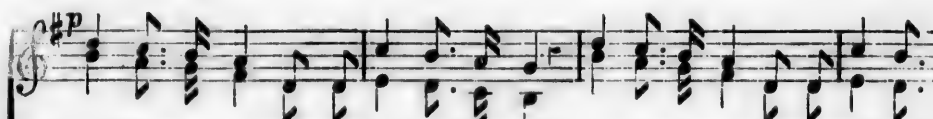
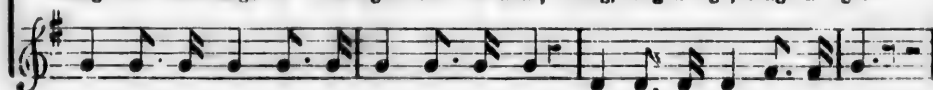
Smoothly.



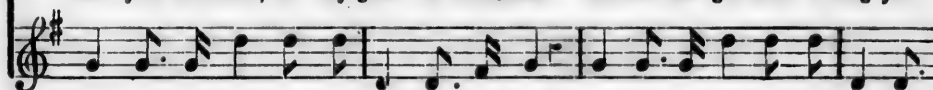
Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long a go, long, long a-go;



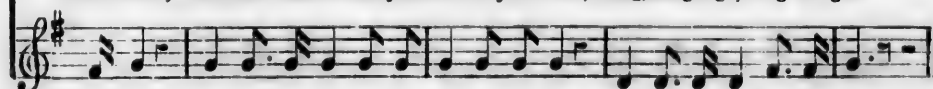
Sing me the songs I de-light-ed to hear, Long, long a - go, long a - go.



Now you are come, all my grief is re-moved Let me for-get that so long you



have roved; Let me be-lieve that you love as you loved, Long, long a-go, long a - go.



Do you remember the path where we met,

Long, long ago, long, long ago?

Ah! yes; you told me you ne'er would forget,

Long, long ago, long ago.

Then to all others my smile you preferr'd;

Love when you spoke gave a charm to each word;

Still my heart treasures the praises I heard,

Long, long ago, long ago.

Though by your kindness my fond hopes were raised,

Long, long ago, long, long ago;

You by more eloquent lips have been

Long, long ago, long ago; [praised,

But by long absence your truth has been tried,

Still to your accents I listen with pride,

Blest as I was when I sat by your side,

Long, long ago, long ago.

DEFENCE, AND NOT DEFIANCE.

Boldly. f

4 or 2 or C

The sun looks down with smil-ing beams On this our na-tive soil, And

pp

bless-es with his cheer-ing gleams The har-dy sons of toil; Her sons, whose sin-ews

are of steel, Whose hearts are true and brave, Who, ere they would to foe-man yield, Would

f **CHORUS.**

all the pa-triot's grave. Tho' arm'd we be, on land and sea, And first in war-like

Repeat ff

sci-ence, Our mot-to is, and e'er shall be, De-fence, and not de-fi-ance.

D.C. al Segno.

DEFENCE, AND NOT DEFIANCE—continued.

Our ships of war are clad in steel,
And arm'd with weapons strong,
Can brave at sea each trying gale,
And haste like birds along;
But never shall their guns be heard,
Unless in honor's cause,
When call'd our sea-girt land to guard,
Or vindicate our laws.

CHORUS—Though arm'd, &c.

The gory hand of war we hate,
The carnage of the field;
And mourn when'er compell'd by fate
Our polish'd blades to yield;
The hand of peace we fondly take,
And hail the joyous years [make,
When ploughshares men from swords will
And pruning-hooks from spears.

CHORUS—Though arm'd, &c.

THE MODEL * SCHOOL.

SECOND ARRANGEMENT.

Let others sing of fancied bliss,
Of pleasures that endear,
The joys of that, the sweets of this,
Or wail for woes they fear;
I'll sing the hours of sweet content,
Of innocence and toys,
When to the Model School I went,
With other girls and boys.

'Tis a happy theme, like a golden dream

Its mem'ry seems to be,
And I'll sing so long as I've voice
or tongue,
The Model School for me.

Together we our whole lives long
Would spend in gladness here;

The gladdening smile, the cheerful song,
To us are ever dear.

Then deeper, deeper will we toil
In the mines of knowledge,
And nature's wealth and learning's spoil
We'll win from school and college.

'Tis a happy theme, &c.

As streams are ever gliding,

As shadows quickly fly,

As time its course is guiding,

Our hours for study by;

Oh! let our steps be hasten'd

From every evil way,

And let our joys be chasten'd

By pure religion's sway.

'Tis a happy theme, &c.

* Model, central, or common.

EVENING HYMN.

Je - sus ten - der Shep-herd, hear me; Bless Thy lit - tle lambs to-

night: Thro' the dark-ness be Thou near me, Watch my sleep till morn-ing light.

All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warm'd, and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me when I die to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

THE ALPINE SHEPHERD.

Allegro.

From wild Al - pine moun - tains, My birth - place and home, Power,

rich - es, nor beau - ty Could tempt me to roam, Could tempt me to

roam; There foun - tains flow clear - est, And bright - est flowers spring; There

sweet - ly at even - ing The shep - herd bells ring; There fountains flow clear - est, And

bright flow - ers spring; There sweet - ly at eve - ning The shep - herd bells ring.

THE ALPINE SHEPHERD—continued.

I gaze on the hamlets,
Close cluster'd beneath ;
Then turn, those pure breezes
More gladly to breathe ;
Nor vain noise or sorrow
Here ever come nigh ;
To gay mountain ditties
I tune my *schal mei* ;
Nor vain noise or sorrow
Here ever come nigh.

And though wintry rigors
To vales drive me down ;
I know for a season
Hath summer but flown ;
Once more comes the summer,
I seek thy free heights,
Dear Alpland, my heart's home,
My world of delights—
Dear Alpland, my heart's home,
My world of delights.

DIRTY JIM.

Lively.

There was one lit - tle Jim, 'Tis re - port - ed of him, And 'twill
be to his last - ing dis - grace, That he nev - er was seen With
hands at all clean, Nor ev - er yet wash'd was his face.

His friends were much hurt
To see so much dirt,
And often they made him quite clean ;
But all was in vain,
He was dirty again,
And never was fit to be seen.
When to wash he was sent,
Never gladly he went,
With water he'd splash himself o'er ;

But he seldom was seen
To wash himself clean,
And often look'd worse than before.
The idle and bad,
Like this little lad,
May be dirty and black to be sure ;
But good boys are seen
To be decent and clean,
Although they are ever so poor.

CHRISTMAS CAROL—SHEPHERDS WATCHING.

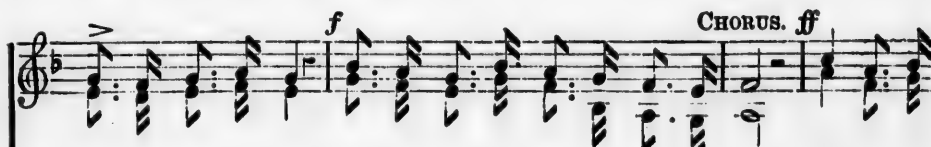
Lively.



They were watch - ing on the hill - side for the com - ing day,



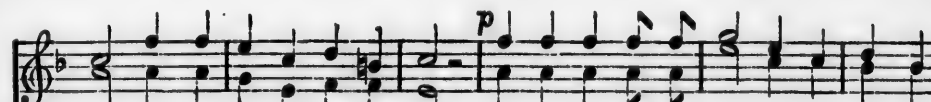
With the star - ry folds of night a - bove them spread, When a glo - ry flash'd a -



round them like a ray, Thro' the pearl - y por - tals on them shed. "Glo - ry to



God in the high - est," came float - ing on the air; "Glo - ry to God in the



high - est," seem'd ring - ing ev - 'ry - where; "Glo - ry, glo - ry," O chil dren, come, sing that



SHEPHERDS WATCHING—continued.

song a - gain, "Gle - ry to God in the high - est, good will and peace to men."

Louder swell the joyful anthems of the angel throng,
Over hill and dale the strains enchanted float;
See the wond'ring shepherds listening to the song,
Trembling, yet rejoicing at the sight.

CHORUS—"Glory to God in the highest," &c.

O the joyful, joyful tidings! for to you is born,
Christ, the wondrous Saviour, and the mighty King;
Hail, ye waiting nations! hail the happy morn,
Joyful tidings now to you I bring.

CHORUS—"Glory to God in the highest," &c.

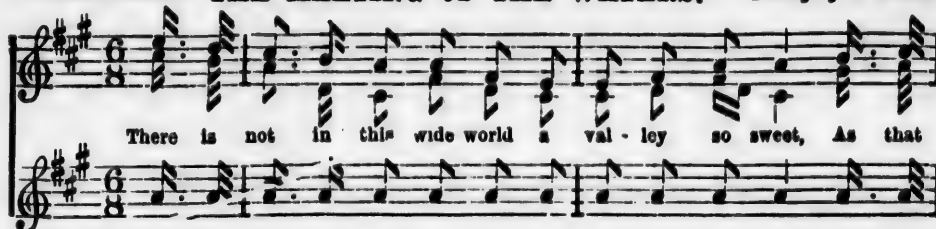
MAY DOES EVERY FRAGRANCE BRING.

(ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.)

1 May does ev - 'ry fra - grance bring:
2 Dry - ads, deck'd with myr - tles green,
3 Blush - ing flowers in beau - ty rise, Dif -

2 All the ver - nal bloom of spring,
3 Dane - ing ev - 'ry - where are seen;
1 fus - ing o - dors to the skies.

Andante sostenuto. **THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.*** *Poetry by T. MOORE.*



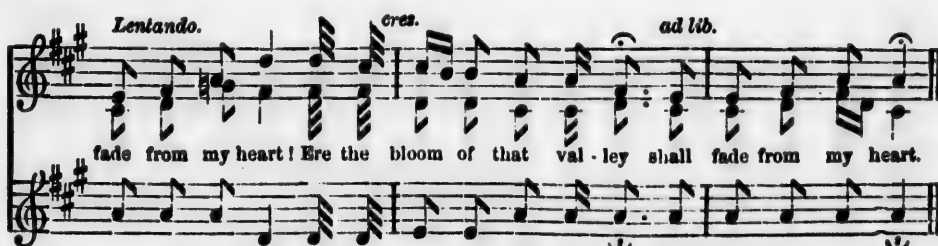
There is not in this wide world a val - ley so sweet, As that



vale in whose bos - om the bright wa - ters meet; † Oh! the last rays of



feel - ing and life must de - part, Ere th bloom of that val - ley shall



Lento. *cres.* *ad lib.*
fade from my heart! Ere the bloom of that val - ley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene,
Her purest of crystal, and brightest of green;
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill;
Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still.
'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, was near,
Who made ev'ry dear scene of enchantment more dear;
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.
Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms which we feel in this cold world would cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace!

* "The Meeting of the Waters" forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of Wicklow, and these lines were suggested to the poet by a visit to this romantic spot in the year 1807.

† The rivers Avon and Avoca

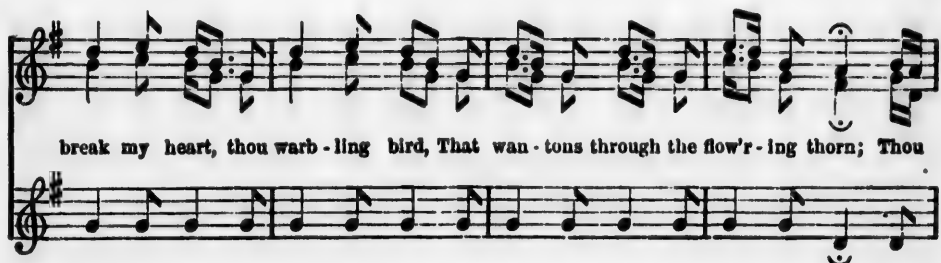
BONNIE DOON.

Andante.


Ye banks and braes o' bon-nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair? How



can ye chant, ye lit-tle birds, And I sae wear-y, fu' o' care? Thou'lt



break my heart, thou warb-ling bird, That wan-tons through the flow'r-ing thorn; Thou



mind'st me o' de-part-ed joys, De-part-ed nev-er to re-turn.

Oft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine;
 And ilka bird sang o' its love,
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
 But my fause lover stole my rose,
 And, ha! he left the thorn wi' me.

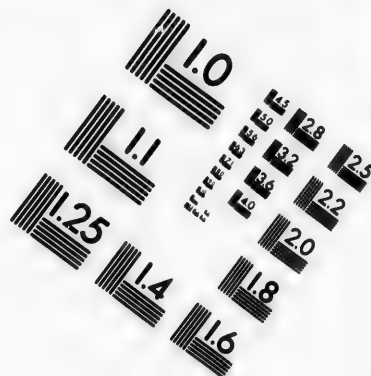
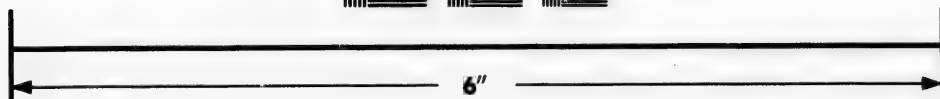
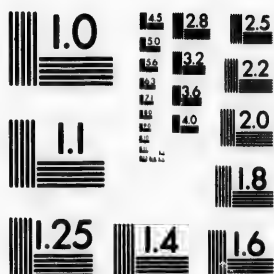


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ROW! ROW!

(A RIVER SONG.)

mf *p*

Row! row! home-ward we steer, Twi-light falls o'er us; Hark!

The first system of musical notation for 'Row! Row!'. It consists of two staves in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. The melody starts with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and a crescendo hairpin, then transitions to piano (*p*) for the final measure. The lyrics are 'Row! row! home-ward we steer, Twi-light falls o'er us; Hark!'.

hark! mus-ic is near, Friends glide be-fore us! Song light-ens our

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody from the first system. The lyrics are 'hark! mus-ic is near, Friends glide be-fore us! Song light-ens our'.

la-bor, Sing as on-ward we go, Keep, each with his neigh-bor,

The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody. The lyrics are 'la-bor, Sing as on-ward we go, Keep, each with his neigh-bor,'.

Time as we flow; Row! row! home-ward we go, Twi-light falls

The fourth system of musical notation. It continues the melody. The lyrics are 'Time as we flow; Row! row! home-ward we go, Twi-light falls'.

o'er us; Row! row! sing as we flow; Day flies be-fore us.

The fifth and final system of musical notation on this page. It concludes the melody. The lyrics are 'o'er us; Row! row! sing as we flow; Day flies be-fore us.'

ROW! ROW!—continued.

Row! row! sing as we go!
 Nature rejoices;
 Hark! how the hills, as we flow,
 Echo our voices!
 Still o'er the dark waters
 Far away we must roam,
 Ere Canada's daughters
 Welcome us home.
 Row! row! homeward we go,
 Twilight falls o'er us;
 Row! row! sing as we flow,
 Day flies before us.
 Row! row! see, in the west,
 Lights dimly burning,

Friends in yon harbour of rest
 Wait our returning.
 See! now they burn clearer;
 Keep time with the oar;
 Now, now we are nearer
 Our happy shore!
 Home, home, daylight is o'er,
 Friends stand before us;
 Yet, ere our boat touch the shore,
 Once more the chorus:
 Row! row! homeward we steer,
 Twilight falls o'er us;
 Hark! hark! music is near,
 Friends glide before us.

SUMMER EVENING.

Smoothly.

How calm is eve - ning's qui - et light, Great Na - ture's

face how fair, When o'er the wood - land bends the night, And

hush'd lie earth and air, And hush'd lie earth and air!

How radiant shines yon heaven, rife
 With stars in bright accord,
 Each praising, while its light hath life,
 The power of God the Lord!

The voice of truth then seems to say,
 Through all eternity,
 As far as moon and starry ray,
 Our deathless lives shall be.

RULE, BRITANNIA.

Majestically. mf

When Bri - tain first, at Heaven's com - mand, A -

A - rose : : from out the a - zure main, A - rose, a - rose

P from out the a - zure main, This was the char - ter, the char - ter of the land,

f And guar - dian an - gels sang the strain: Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri -

Repeat ff tan - nia rule the waves; Bri - tons nev - er shall be slaves!

RULE, BRITANNIA—continued.

The nations not so blest as thee,
Shall in their turn to tyrants bend,
While thou shalt flourish, great and free,
And to the weak protection lend.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise
Triumphant from each foreign stroke,
As the loud blast that rends the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
And far across the spreading main,
Lands now unknown shall yet be thine.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Lively.

Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And nev-er brought to min'? Should

ould ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And days o' lang syne? For auld lang syne, my

dear, For auld lang syne, We'll tak a cup o' kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e ran about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary fit
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

We twa ha'e paidlet in the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

And there's a hand, my trusty friend,
And gi'e's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a richt guid willie waught
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint stoup,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

A MORNING PRAYER.

f *p*

I thank Thee, Lord, for quiet rest, And for Thy care of

f *p*

me; Oh let me through this day be blest, And kept from harm by Thee.

Oh take my naughty heart away,
And make me clean and good;
Lord Jesus, save my soul, I pray,
And wash me in Thy blood.

Oh let me love Thee; kind Thou art,
To children such as I:

Give me a gentle, holy heart;
Be Thou my friend on high.

Help me to please my parents dear,
And do whate'er they tell;
Bless all my friends, both far and near,
And keep them safe and well.

EVENING HYMN.

Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not

night, if Thou be near; Oh may no earth - born cloud a -

EVENING HYMN—continued.

Last verse.

- rise, To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes. A - men.

When the soft dew's of kindly sleep
 My wearied eyelids gently steep,
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
 For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
 For without Thee I cannot live;
 Abide with me when night is nigh,
 For without Thee I dare not die.

Amen.

EVENING HYMN.

A - bide with me; fast falls the ev - en - tide; The dark - ness

deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide. When o - ther help - ers fail, and

Last verse.

com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, oh a - bide with me! A - men.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little
 day;
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass
 away;
 Change and decay in all around I see;
 O Thou who changest not, abide with
 me.

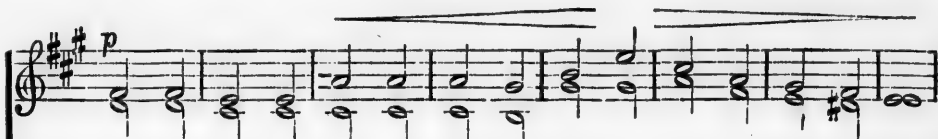
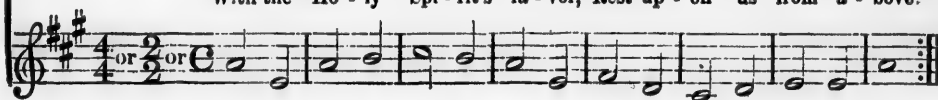
I need Thy presence every passing hour;
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's
 power?
 Who like Thyself my guide and stay can
 be?
 Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide
 with me. Amen.

DISMISSION.

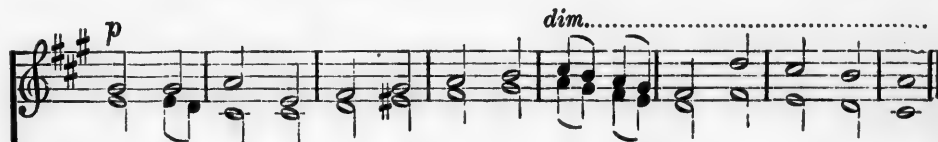
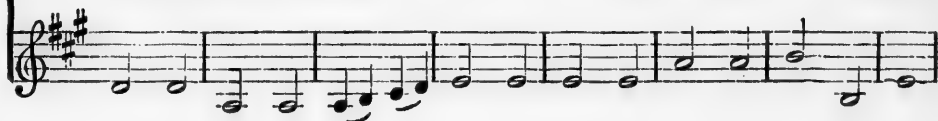
1st time *mf.* 2d time *pp*



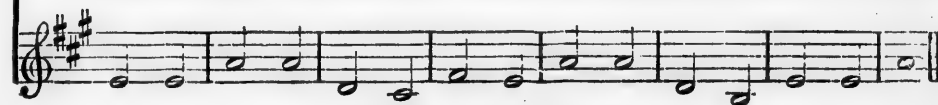
May the grace of Christ our Sav-iour, And the Fa-ther's boundless love,
With the Ho-ly Spi-rit's fa-vor, Rest up-on us from a-bove.



Thus may we a-bide in un-ion With each o-ther in the Lord,



And pos-sess in sweet com-mu-nion, Joys which earth can-not af-ford.



BLESS THEM, &c.

(ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.)

1 2
Bless them that curse you, do

2 3
good to them that hate you, and

3 1
pray for them that hurt you.

FAREWELL TO A TEACHER.

H. F. S.

Fare-well, Teach-er, thou art go-ing Far from those who love thee

well; Those who now in mourn-ful mea-sure, Breathe this last, this sad fare-

Fine.
well. Man-y years we've known and loved thee, Man-y hap-py days we've

Dal Segno.
pass'd; Days whose mem-ry long shall lin-ger, Days, a-las! that fled too fast!

Oh, the throbbing heart grows weary,
Tears of sorrow dim the eye,
As to some beloved and dear one,
Trembling lips pronounce "Good-
bye."
Ours is now the sad emotion,
Ours this parting pang to feel;
And the weeping eye confesses,
What the heart would fain conceal.

Here though never more we meet thee,
Let us hope to meet above;
Truth and faith shall upward bear us
To the blessed home of love.
Let us hope to meet in heaven,
Meet 'mid joys no tongue can tell;
Teacher, friend, companion, sister,
(brother,) Till that time,—farewell! farewell!

THE HOLIDAYS.

Hur-rah! for the school-boy's hap-py lot, The school-girl's sun-ny
hours; And the Ho-li-days that fill with praise, This hap-py land of ours. Hur-
rah for the Old Year roll-ing out, And the New Year roll-ing in; For the
tasks well done, and a race well run, And the sports we now be-gin.

Hurrah! for the frosty days,
And the stormy winds that blow
In echoes loud, from the driving cloud,
That sheds the Christmas snow.
Hurrah! for our homes, our bright, free homes,
With all their founts of joy;
For the schools that tell from turret-bell,
How we our days employ.

*(Repeat music from * for this verse.)*

Hurrah! once more for the school-boy's lot,
The school-girl's sunny hours;
And these Holidays that fill with praise,
This happy land of ours.

sun - ny

ours. Hur -

For the

- gin.

APPENDIX.

SECULAR.

LIST TO THE CONVENT BELLS.

Moderate. mf

List! 'tis mu-sic steal - ing, O - ver the rip-pling sea,

Bright yon moon is beam - ing, O - ver each tower and tree;

LIST TO THE CONVENT BELLS—continued.

p List! 'tis mu - sic steal - ing, O - ver the rip - pling sea,

Bright yon moon is beam - ing, O - ver each tower and tree; The

p waves seem list - ning to their sound, As si - lent - ly they

LIST TO THE CONVENT BELLS—continued.

p
flow, O'er cor - al groves and fair - y ground, And spark - ling caves be -

The
low. List 'tis mu - sic steal - ing, O - ver the rip - pling

they
sea, Bright yon moon is beam - ing, O - ver each :

LIST TO THE CONVENT BELLS—continued.

tower and tree. List! List! List! to the Con-vent

Bells. List! List! List to the Con-vent Bells!

Music sounds the sweetest,
When on the moonlit sea;
Our bark sails the fleetest,
To a sweet melody;

And, as we're gently sailing,
We'll sing that plaintive strain,
Which mem'ry makes endearing,
And home recalls again.
List! 'tis music, &c.

ALL'S WELL.

(DUET FOR TWO TENORS OR BASSES.)

Moderato.

cres.

Con - vent

De - sert - ed by the wan - ing moon, When skies pro - claim night's

deces.

p

cheer - less noon, On tower, or fort, or tent - ed ground, The sen - try walks his

nt Bells!

lone - ly round, The sen - try walks

p

his lone - ly round,

, strain,
ring,

c, &c.

ALL'S WELL—continued.

f *pp* *Allegro p*

The sen - try walks his lone - ly round. And should some foot-step

hap - ly stray, Where cau - tion marks the guard - ed way, Where cau - tion marks the

guard - ed way, the guard - ed way.

f Who goes there?

ALL'S WELL—continued.

ne foot-step

A friend. Good night.

Strang-er quick-ly tell! The word? All's . . .

on marks the

All's well. Good night, All's well!

well, All's . . . well. The word?

Or sailing on the midnight deep,
 While weary messmates soundly sleep,
 The careful watch patrols the deck,
 To guard the ship from foes or wreck.
 And while his thoughts oft homeward veer,
 Some friendly voice salutes his ear;
 What cheer? Brother, quickly tell!
 Above,—below; all's well, &c.

THE ROCK BESIDE THE SEA.

(DUET FOR TWO TREBLES.)

Moderato. mf

Oh! tell me not the woods are fair, Now Spring is on her

way; Well well I know how bright - ly there In joy the young leaves

p

play; How sweet, on winds of morn or eve, The vio-let's breath may

f

be: Yet ask me, woo me not to leave My lone rock by the

Slow.

sea; Yet ask me, woo me not to leave My lone rock by the sea.

The wild waves' thunder on the shore,
The curlew's restless cries,
Unto my watching heart are more
Than all earth's melodies.

Come back, my ocean rover, come!
There's but one place for me,
Till I can greet thy swift sail home—
My lone rock by the sea.

THE MURMURING SEA.

(DUET.)

Moderato.

mf

on her
young leaves
breath may
by the
e sea.
come!
ne,
home—

Mur-mur-ing sea! beau-ti-ful sea! How I love to list to thy

mel-o-dy! When the winds are still in thy rock-y caves, And the

sweet stars glance on thy pur-ple waves, And the sweet stars glance on thy

p 2d VOICE.

pur-ple waves; 'Tis then I dream of the dis-tant land, Where I left a

THE MURMURING SEA—continued.

lov - ing and joy - ous band; Oh! dear - er than ev - er they seem to be, As I

muse on the shore of the mur-mur-ing sea! As I muse on the shore of the

Slow - - - *A tempo.*

mur - mur - ing sea, mur - mur - ing sea, beau - ti - ful sea! Oh! dear - er than

1st VOICE.

2d VOICE.

ev - er they seem to be, As we muse on the shore of the mur-mur-ing sea, The

THE MURMURING SEA—continued.

p
be, As I
ore of the
er - er than
ea, The

sea! beau - ti - ful
mur - mur - ing, mur - mur - ing sea! Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful sea!

sea! Mur - mur - ing beau - ti - ful
beau - ti - ful sea! Oh! mur - mur - ing, mur - mur - ing sea!

sea! Mur - mur - ing sea! beau - ti - ful
Beau - ti - ful sea, mur - mur - ing sea! Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful sea!

1ST VOICE—Murmuring sea! beautiful sea!
I no more shall sail o'er thy waters free;
But I watch the ships till they fade from sight
And my fancy follows their trackless flight,
2D VOICE—Bounding away to their destined mart,
To the land so dear to my loving heart!
BOTH—Murmuring sea! beautiful sea! &c.

THE MIDNIGHT MOON.

Moderato.

The mid - night moon is beau - ti - ful, When ris - ing from the

This system contains the first line of music. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are: "The mid - night moon is beau - ti - ful, When ris - ing from the".

sea ; She guides the wan-d'ring mar - i - ner A - cross the wa - ters

This system contains the second line of music. The lyrics are: "sea ; She guides the wan-d'ring mar - i - ner A - cross the wa - ters".

free. The shin - ing stars are el - o - quent With - in their gold - en

This system contains the third line of music. The lyrics are: "free. The shin - ing stars are el - o - quent With - in their gold - en".

spheres, When oft be - fore the mus - ing mind They bring the lost of years.

This system contains the fourth line of music. The lyrics are: "spheres, When oft be - fore the mus - ing mind They bring the lost of years."

THE MIDNIGHT MOON—continued.



g from the



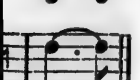
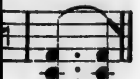
the wa - ters



ir gold - en



t years.



The mid - night moon is beau - ti - ful, When ris - ing from the

sea; She guides the wan-d'ring mar - i - ner A - cross the wa - ters

free. The mid - night moon is beau - ti - ful, When ris - ing from the

THE MIDNIGHT MOON—continued.

sea ; The mid-night moon is beau-ti-ful, When ris-ing from the sea.

This musical score is for the song 'THE MIDNIGHT MOON—continued.' It features a vocal melody in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: 'sea ; The mid-night moon is beau-ti-ful, When ris-ing from the sea.' The score includes a piano accompaniment with chords in the left hand and a single-line melody in the right hand.

HAIL, SMILING MORN.

Hall, . . . smil-ing morn, smil-ing morn, That tips the hills with gold, that

Hall, hall, smil-ing morn, smil-ing morn, That tips the hills with gold, that

Hall, hall, smil-ing morn, smil-ing morn, That tips the hills with gold, that

Hall, hall, smil-ing morn, smil-ing morn, that

This musical score is for the song 'HAIL, SMILING MORN.' It is in 6/8 time and G major. The lyrics are: 'Hall, . . . smil-ing morn, smil-ing morn, That tips the hills with gold, that', 'Hall, hall, smil-ing morn, smil-ing morn, That tips the hills with gold, that', 'Hall, hall, smil-ing morn, smil-ing morn, That tips the hills with gold, that', and 'Hall, hall, smil-ing morn, smil-ing morn, that'. The score includes a piano accompaniment with chords in the left hand and a single-line melody in the right hand. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *p* (piano).

HAIL, SMILING MORN—continued.

the sea.

gold, that

gold, that

gold, that

that

tips the hills with gold, Whose ro - sy fin-gers ope the gates of day, . . .

tips the hills with gold, Whose ro - sy fin-gers ope the gates of day, . . .

tips the hills with gold, Whose ro - sy fin-gers ope the gates of day, . . .

tips the hills with gold, Whose ro - sy fin-gers ope the gates of day, . . .

tips the hills with gold, Whose ro - sy fin-gers ope the gates of day, . . .

. . . Ope the gates, the gates of day, hail,

. . . Ope the gates, the gates of day, hail,

. . . Ope the gates of day, Ope the gates, the gates of day, hail,

. . . Ope the gates, the gates of day, hail,

. . . Ope the gates, the gates of day, hail,

HAIL, SMILING MORN—continued.

hail, hail. Who the gay face of Na-ture doth un - fold, . . .

hail, hail, hail. Who the gay face of Na-ture doth un - fold, Who the gay

hail, hail, hail. Who the gay face of Na-ture doth un - fold, Who the gay

hail, hail, hail. Who the gay face of Na-ture doth un - fold, Who the gay

At whose bright pres-ence dark-ness flies a-

face of Na-ture doth un - fold, At whose bright pres-ence dark-ness flies a-

face of Na-ture doth un - fold, At whose bright pres-ence dark-ness flies a-

face of Na-ture doth un - fold, At whose bright pres-ence dark-ness flies a-

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HAIL, SMILING MORN—continued.

pp *cres.*

- way, Flies a - way, flies a - way, Dark - ness flies a -

pp *cres.*

- way, Flies a - way, flies a - way, Dark - ness flies a -

pp *cres.*

- way, Flies a - way, flies a - way, Dark - ness flies a -

pp *cres.*

- way, Flies a - way, flies a - way, Dark - ness flies a -

pp *cres.*

way, Dark - ness flies a - way, At whose bright pres-ence Dark-ness

sf sf

way, Dark - ness flies a - way, At whose bright pres-ence Dark-ness

sf sf

way, Dark - ness flies a - way, At whose bright pres-ence Dark-ness

sf sf

way, Dark - ness flies a - way, At whose bright pres-ence Dark-ness

sf sf

HAIL, SMILING MORN—continued.

p *cres.*
flies a-way, flies a-way,

p
flies a-way, Dark-ness flies a-way,
cres.

p
flies a-way, flies a-way,

p
flies a-way, Dark-ness flies a-way,

p *cres.*

f
Hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail

f
Dark-ness flies a-way; Hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail.

Hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail.

Dark-ness flies a-way; Hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail.

THE WREATH.

(A PASTORAL GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.)

1st VOICE.

Ye shep - herds, tell me, tell me have you

seen, have you seen My Flo - ra pass this

way? In shape and feature beau - ty's

queen, In pas - to - ral, in pas - to - ral ar - ray.

p

dolce.

THE WREATH—continued.

CHORUS.

f Shep-herds, tell me, tell me, tell me have you seen, have you *dol.*

f Shep-herds, tell me, tell me, tell me have you seen, tell me, have you *dol.*

f Shep-herds, tell me, tell me, tell me have you seen, have you *dol.*

fp

seen my Flo - ra pass this way? Have you seen,

seen my Flo - ra pass this way?

seen, have you seen my Flo - ra pass this way? Have you seen,

p *dim.* *dol.*

THE WREATH—continued.

tell me, shep - herds, have you seen, tell me have you
 shep - herds, tell me, have you seen, tell me have you
 tell me, shep - herds, have you seen, tell me have you

p *fp*

dol. *Slow.*
 seen my Flo - ra pass this way?
dol. *Slow.*
 seen my Flo - ra pass this way?
dol. *Slow.*
 seen my Flo - ra pass this way?

dol. *Lento. p* *fp*

THE WREATH—continued.

2D VOICE.

rall.
dim. *p*

A wreath a - round her head, a -

round her head she wore, — Car - na - - tion, li - ly, li -

ly, rose, And in her hand a crook . . . she

dol.

Repeat Chorus.

bore, And sweets . . . her breath com - pose.

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THE WREATH—continued.

BASS VOICE.

her head, a-

The beau - teous, the beau - teous wreath that decks, that decks her head

Forms her de - scrip - tion, her de-scrip-tion true.

Hands H - ly white, Lips crim - son red, And

dol.

Repeat Chorus.

Repeat Chorus.

cheeks of ro - sy, ro - - sy hue.

CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

(GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.)

Andante.

Faint-ly as tolls the evening chime, Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time, Our

voices keep tune and our oars keep time; Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll

sing at St Ann's our part-ing hymn! Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The

rapids are near and the day-light's past, The rapids are near and the day-light's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Ottawa tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayer,
Grant us cool heavens and favoring air.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

GLORIOUS APOLLO.

(GLEE FOR THREE VOICES—FIRST AND SECOND TREBLES AND BASS.)

1st time *f* 2d time *p*

time, Our

Glori-ous A-pol-lo from on high be-held us Wan-d'ring to

ok dim, We'll

find a tem-ple for his praise; Sent Po-ly-hym-nia hi-ther to

s fast, The

shield us, While we our-selves such a struc-ture might raise;

dim.

light's past.

dim.

f dim.

Thus then com-bin-ing, hands and hearts join-ing, Sing we in

GLORIOUS APOLLO—continued.

1st time. || 2d time. *p*

har - mo - ny A - pol - lo's praise, praise, A - pol - lo's praise, A -

pol - lo's praise, A - pol - lo's praise, A - pol - lo's praise.

Here ev'ry gen'rous sentiment awaking,
 Music inspiring unity and joy;
 Each social pleasure giving and partaking,
 Glee and good humor our hours employ;
 Thus then combining, hands and hearts joining,
 Long may continue our unity and joy,
 Our unity and joy, &c.

MINNIE BELL.

p H. F. S.

Where the wil - low weep - eth, By a foun - tain lone,

MINNIE BELL—continued.

praise, A

praise.

H. F. S.

lone,

mf *p*

Where the wil - low creep - eth, O'er a moss - y tomb,

This system contains the first two staves of music. The first staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a dynamic marking of *mf*. The second staff is in bass clef with a dynamic marking of *p*. The lyrics are written below the staves.

p

With pale flowers a - bove her, In a qui - et dell,

This system contains the next two staves of music. The first staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a dynamic marking of *p*. The second staff is in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staves.

p *pp slow.*

Far from those who love her, Slum - bers Min - nie - bell.

This system contains the final two staves of music on this page. The first staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a dynamic marking of *p*. The second staff is in bass clef with a dynamic marking of *pp slow.* The lyrics are written below the staves.

COME, MAY!

(MADRIGAL FOR FOUR VOICES.)

Words by J. H. DAYLEY. Music by H. F. S.

First system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The first three staves are for vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, and Tenor) and the fourth is for the Bass. The lyrics are: "Come, May! come, May! come, May! with thy cur - - - tie".

Second system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The lyrics are: "green, Strew - - ing with flow - - ers the young year's".

Third system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The lyrics are: "way; . . Long have we lan - guish'd our hom - age to".

COME, MAY!—continued.

Music by H. F. S.

... tie

... our - tie

... tie

green, thy

... ung year's

... ng year's

... ng year's

... ng year's

... age to

to pay, our

... age to

to pay, our

Fine.

pay To the first of thy foot-steps, Bright, beau-ti-ful May!

hom-age to pay To the first of thy foot-steps, Bright, beau-ti-ful May!

pay To the first of thy foot-steps, Bright, beau - ti - ful May!

hom-age to pay To the first of thy foot-steps, Bright, beau-ti-ful May!

Slower.

But oh! leave be - hind The cold, cold wind, And the

But oh! leave be - hind The cold, cold wind, And the

But oh! leave be - hind The cold, cold wind, And the

But oh! leave be - hind The cold, cold wind, And the

tears that the clouds have shed, . . . For 'tis time that the

tears that the clouds have shed, . . . For 'tis time that the

tears that the clouds have shed, . . . For 'tis time that the

tears that the clouds have shed, . . . For 'tis time that the

COME, MAY!—continued.

Da Capo.

sheen Of thy blos - som was seen, And the bright blue sky o'er - head.

The cuckoo still drops
From the tall tree tops,
And over the hedge-row flits;
But she utters no song
As she flutters along,
But in voiceless silence sits.
Come, May! come, May! &c.

With ceaseless hum
The bee doth come,
Searching each harebell blue;
And seems, as he flings
The bright drops from his wings,
To exult in the bright May dew.
Come, May! come, May! &c.

HARK! THE VESPER HYMN IS STEALING.

Ju-bi-la-te, Ju-bi-la-te, Ju-bi-la-te, A - men.

HARK! THE VESPER HYMN IS STEALING--continued

Solo.

Hark! the ves-per hymn is steal-ing O'er the wa-ters soft and clear;
Now like moon-lit waves re-treat-ing, To the shore it dies a-long;

Near-er yet, and near-er peal-ing, Now it bursts up-on the ear.
Now like an-gry sur-ges meet-ing, Breaks the ming-led tide of song.

CHORUS.

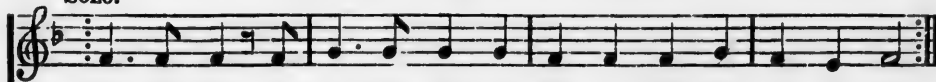
Ju-bi-la-te, A-men, A-men.

SOLO and CHORUS.

Ju-bi-la-te, Ju-bi-la-te, Ju-bi-la-te, A-men.

MARK! THE VESPER HYMN IS STEALING—continued.

SOLO.



Far - ther now, now far - ther steal - ing, Soft it fades up - on the ear.
Hush! a - gain, like waves re - treat - ing, To the shore it dies a - long.

CHORUS.



Ju - bi - la - te, A - men, A - men,

NATIONAL ANTHEM—"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!"

SOLO.



God save our gra - cious Queen, Long live our no - ble Queen,



Repeat full.



God save the Queen! Send her vic - to - ri - ous, Hap - py and



Repeat full.



glo - ri - ous, Long to reign o - ver us: God save the Queen.



d.

NATIONAL ANTHEM—continued.

DUET.

O Lord our God, a - rise, Scat - ter her en - e - mies,

Repeat full.

And make them fall. Con - found their po - li - tics, Frus - trate their

Repeat full.

knav - ish tricks, On her our hopes we fix: God save the Queen!

TRIO.

Thy choic - est gifts in store, On her be pleased to pour:

Repeat full.

Long may she reign! May she de - fend our laws, And ev - er

NATIONAL ANTHEM—continued.

Repeat full.

give us cause, To sing with heart and voice, God save the Queen!

NATIONAL SONG—"GOD BLESS THE PRINCE OF WALES!"

A-mong our an-cient moun-tains, and from our love-ly vales,

(a?) t's prayer re-e-cho, God bless the Prince of Wales! With

heart and voice a-wak-en those m'n-strel strains of yore, Till

NATIONAL SONG—continued.

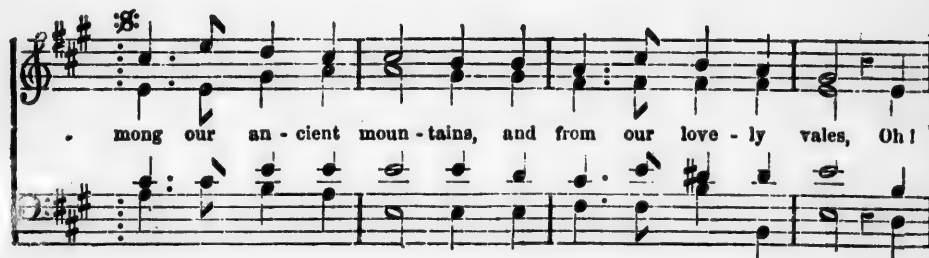
Repeat full.

Queen!



Bri - tain's name and glo - ry re - sound from shore to shore. A -

LES!"



mong our an - cient moun - tains, and from our love - ly vales, Oh!

vales,



let the prayer re - e - cho, God bless the Prince of Wales!

les! With

Should hostile bands or danger e'er threaten our fair isle,
May God's strong arm protect us, may Heaven still on us smile!
Above the throne of England may fortune's star long shine,
And round its sacred bulwark the olive branches twine!

CHORUS—Among our ancient mountains, &c.

God save brave Christian's daughter, our noble Prince's bride;
The Danish flag and England's henceforth float side by side.
To her, that lovely Princess, we look with pride and joy;
May sorrow never darken, nor fate our hopes destroy!

CHORUS—Then let the prayer re-echo among our hills and dales,
God bless fair Alexandra, God bless the Prince of Wales!

SUMMER WOODS.

H. F. S.

Allto. f

O come ye in - to the sum-mer woods! There ent'reth no an - noy; All

green-ly wave the chest-nut leaves, And the earth is full of joy, I can-not tell you

half the sights Of beau-ty you may see; The bursts of gold-en sun-shine and
O come, come, come, come ye

Man-y a shad-y tree, O come ye in - to the sun-ny woods, There ent'reth no an
in - to the sum-mer woods. O come, come, come, come,
O come, come,

noy; All green-ly wave the chest-nut leaves, And the earth is full of joy.
O come, come, come, come,
O come come, The earth is full of joy.

There, lightly swung in bow'ring glades,
 The honeysuckles twine;
 There grows the pink Sabbathæ,
 And the scarlet Columbine;
 There grows the purple Violet,
 In some dusk woodland spot,
 There grows the little Mayflower,
 And the wood Forget-me-not.
 O come ye into the summer woods, &c.
 There come the little gentle Birds,
 Without a fear of ill,
 Down to the murm'ring water's edge,
 And freely drink their fill;

And dash about, and splash about,
 The merry little things!
 And look askance with bright black eyes,
 And flirt their drooping wings!
 O come ye into the summer woods, &c.
 The nodding plants, they bow'd their heads,
 As if in heartsome cheer,
 They spake unto those little things,
 'Tis merry living here!
 Oh! how my heart ran o'er with joy,
 I saw that all was good,
 And how we might glean up delight,
 All round us if we would! [O come, &c.]

SACRED.

THEE, O JEHOVAH!

(DUET FOR TWO TREBLES.)

MARCELLO.

Thee, O Je - ho - vah, I set be - fore me.

Thee, O Je - ho - vah, I set be -

Thou art my help - er, Thou art my help - er,

fore me. Thou art my re - fuge,

THEE, O JEHOVAH!—continued.

Thou art my re-fuge, and my sure de-fence, My heart ex-ult-eth,
Thou art my re-fuge, and my sure de-fence. my tongue re-

my tongue re-joic-eth, for in Thy pres-ence,
joic-eth, my tongue re-joic-eth, for in Thy pres-ence, for in Thy

for in Thy pres-ence is ful-ness, ful-ness of joy, and at Thy
pres-ence is ful-ness, ful-ness of joy, and at Thy

THEE, O JEHOVAH!—continued.

right hand, and at Thy right hand, there are
 right hand, and at Thy right hand, there are plea-sures,

plea-sures, there are plea-sures, are pleasures for e-ver-more.
 there are plea-sures, are pleasures for e-ver-more.

THOU, O LORD, ART MY SHEPHERD.

(DUET FOR TWO TREBLES.)

MARCELO.

Thou, O Lord, art my Shep-herd, There-fore shall I want

THOU, O LORD, ART MY SHEPHERD—continued.

no - thing, There - fore shall I want no - thing, There - fore shall I . .

This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, also with a key signature of two sharps. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

- want no - thing. Un - to pas - tures green He lead - eth

This system contains the next two staves of music. It continues the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

me; He lead - eth me be - side the wa - - - ters of

This system contains the final two staves of music on this page. It continues the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

THOU, O LORD, ART MY SHEPHERD—continued.

The musical score is written for a four-part setting (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The score is divided into three systems, each with four vocal staves and a grand piano accompaniment.

System 1:

- Soprano:** I . . . com - fort. No e - vil will I fear, For Thou
- Alto:** No e - vil will I fear, For Thou . . .
- Tenor:** (No lyrics visible)
- Bass:** (No lyrics visible)

System 2:

- Soprano:** art with . . . me, . . . No e - vil
- Alto:** . . . art . . . with me, . . . No e - vil will I
- Tenor:** (No lyrics visible)
- Bass:** (No lyrics visible)

System 3:

- Soprano:** will I fear, For Thou art . . . with me . . .
- Alto:** fear, For Thou art with me . . .
- Tenor:** (No lyrics visible)
- Bass:** (No lyrics visible)

The piano accompaniment consists of a right hand with flowing sixteenth-note patterns and a left hand with a steady bass line.

SWISS MORNING HYMN.

p

Morn a - wakes in sil - ence; Still in the vault - ed

p

p

sky, Stars with fad - ing lus - tre Gems its can - o - py. Hail! then

Stars with fad - ing lus - tre

f

f

hall, fair morn - ing's gleam! Praise to Him who kind - leth

p

p

p

Ev - 'ry sun - ny beam, Swell your - grate - ful vol - ces, Bend in

SWISS MORNING HYMN—continued.

ff *dim.* *p*

a - dor - a - tion, Praise the Lord of light, Bend in a - dor -

f

a - tion. Praise the Lord of light, Lord of ev - 'ry land and na - tion;

ff

Throned in bound-less might, Throned in bound-less might, in bound - less might.

ff

bound - less, bound - less might.

LIFT THINE EYES.

(TRIO FOR THREE SOPRANOS.)

MENDEL.

Andante.

f

p

Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the mountains, whence
Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the mountains, whence
Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes, to the mountains, whence

com - eth, whence com - eth, whence com - eth help.
com - eth, whence com - eth, whence com - eth help. Thy help com - eth,
com - eth, whence com - eth, whence com - eth help. Thy help

Thy help com - eth from the Lord. the Mak - er of
com - eth from the Lord, the Mak - er of
com - eth from the Lord, the Mak - er of

hea - ven and earth. He hath said, Thy foot shall not be
hea - ven and earth. He hath said, Thy foot shall not be
hea - ven and earth. He hath said, Thy foot shall not be

LIFT THINE EYES—continued.

MENDEL.

mountains, whence
mountains, whence
mountains, whence
com - eth,
Thy help
dim.
k - er of
dim
er of
dim
er of
all not be
all not be
all not be

mov - ed, Thy keep - er will nev - er slum - ber, nev - er, will nev - er
mov - ed, Thy keep - er will nev - er slum - ber,
mov - ed, Thy keep - er will nev - er slum - ber,
slum - ber, nev - er slum - ber. Lift thine eyes, O
nev - er, will nev - er slum - ber. Lift thine eyes, O
nev - er, will nev - er slum - ber, will nev - er slum - ber. Lift thine eyes, O
lift thine eyes to the moun - tains, whence come - eth, whence com - eth, whence
lift thine eyes to the moun - tains, whence com - eth, whence com - eth, whence
lift thine eyes to the moun - tains, whence com - eth, whence
com - eth help, whence com - eth, whence com - eth, whence com - eth help.
com - eth help, whence com - eth, whence com - eth, whence com - eth help.
com - eth help, whence com - eth, whence com - eth, whence com - eth help.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

(From the Oratorio of "Eli.")

Chorus.

No e - vil shall be - fall thee, Dear ob - ject of His choice; This

night our Lord will call thee, In a still, small voice, In a still, small

voice. Thy God saith, they that fear Him, Shall heart and soul re - joice; Then

sleep, to wake and hear Him In a still, small voice, Then sleep, then

CHORUS OF ANGELS—continued.

sleep, to wake and hear Him, In a still, small voice, In a still, small voice, In a still, small voice, In a still, small voice.

I WILL EXTOL THEE.

(SACRED ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.)

1 I will ex - tol Thee, my God, O
2 I will ex - tol Thee, my God, O
3 I will bless thy King, and bless Thy name for ev - er and ev - er.
1 King, and bless Thy name for ev - er and ev - er.
2 NAME, will bless Thy name for ev - er and ev - er.

HOW THEY SO SOFTLY REST.

Slow and softly.

p *f* **NEVER**

How they so soft - ly rest, All, all the hap - py dead, Who, brave - ly

p *f* *p*

striv - ing, Fought and won life's dread - ful bat - tle! How they so soft - ly rest,

f *p*

Qui - et in qui - et graves, Ere to sal - va - tion They wak - en once a - gain.

Even Thou, our Saviour,
Deep in the grave wast laid,
Since Thou hadst suffer'd
On the cross for lost mankind.
Not to corruption
Didst thou sink, O Saviour!
No! Lord! in glory
Thou risest once again!

When we lie sleeping,
Calm as these happy ones,—
When we, like them, have fought
Life's fearful, dreadful battle!
Then, bless'd Redeemer,
Then wilt Thou call us
Forth from our graves,
Unto eternal life.

SONG OF PRAISE.

FRANK ABT.

NEVER

brave-ly

ly rest,

a - gain.

f Praise the Lord! His love is end-less, *p* He His own will ne'er for-

- sake, But the wea-ry, sad, and friend-less, Will He to His bo-som
sake, But the wea - - ry, sad, and

f take. Praise the Lord! His love is ten-der; *f* Af-ter tem-pest's stor-my

p might, Green-er glows the sum-mer's splen-dor, *p* Bright-er shines the rain-bow's

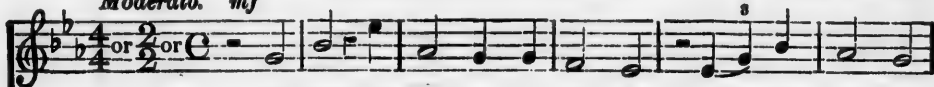
f light; Green-er glows the sum-mer's splen-dor, *p* Bright-er shines the rain-bow's light.

MY GOD, LOOK UPON ME.

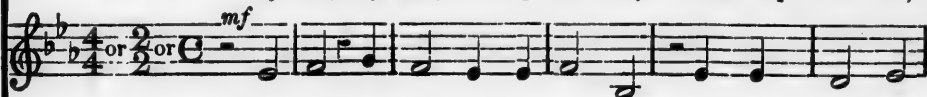
(ANTHEM FOR FOUR VOICES.)

JOHN REYNOLDS.

Moderato. mf



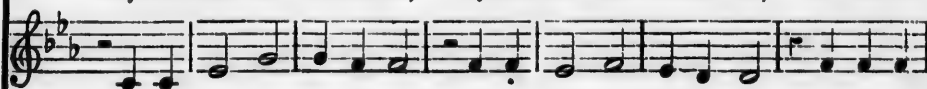
My God, my God, look up - on me, look up - on me,



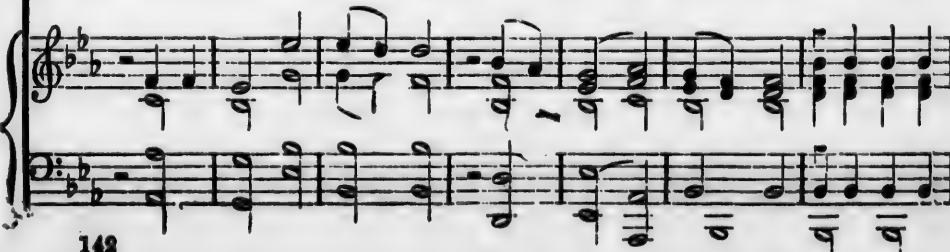
My God, my God, look up - on me, look up - on me,



why hast Thou for - sa-ken me, why hast Thou for - sa-ken me, and art so



why hast Thou for - sa-ken me, why hast Thou for - sa-ken me, and art so

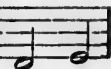


MY GOD, LOOK UPON ME—continued.

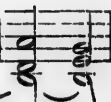
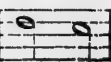
REYNOLDS.



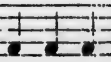
on me,



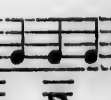
on me,



and art so



and art so



far from my health, and from the words of

far from my health, and from the words of my . . . com-

far from my health, and from the

far from my health, and from the words of my com-

my complaint, the words of my com-plaint, and from the

plaint, the words of my com-plaint, and from the words of

words of my complaint, the words of my com-plaint,

plaint, the words of my com-plaint, and from the words of

MY GOD, LOOK UPON ME—continued.

words of my com-plaint, the words of my com - plaint?

my com - plaint, the words of my com - plaint?

and from the words of my com-plaint, the words of my com - plaint?

my complaint, the words of my complaint, of my com - plaint?

VERSE. TWO TREBLES.

Andante.

O my God, I cry in the day - time, but

Andante.

Soft.

MY GOD, LOOK UPON ME—continued.

m - plaint?

plaint?

plaint?

plaint?

e, but

Thou hear - est not,

O my God, I cry in the day-time, but

but thou hear - est, not, but thou hear - est

thou hear - est not, but thou hear - est not, but thou hear - est

not; and in the night - sea - son, al - so, I take no

not; and in the night - sea - son, al - so, I take no

MY GOD, LOOK UPON ME—continued.

p

rest, no rest, I take no rest, al - so I

p

rest; I take no rest, no rest, al - so I

p

take, I take no rest, I take no rest,

p

take, I take no rest, no rest, I

f

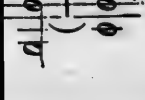
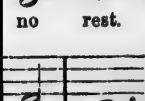
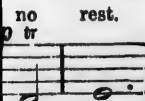
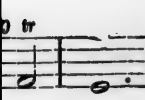
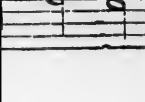
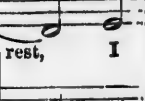
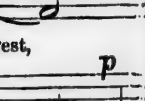
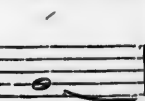
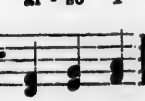
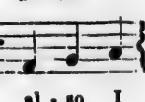
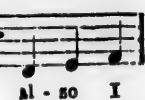
no rest, al - so I take, I take no rest.

pp tr

take no rest, al - so I take, I take no rest.

MY GOD, LOOK UPON ME—continued.

CHORUS, 2d time *p*



But Thou con - tin - u - est ho - ly, O Thou wor - ship of Is - ra -

Pedals 8ves.

el, Thou con - tin - u - est ho - ly, O Thou wor - ship of

8ves.

MY GOD, LOOK UPON ME—continued.

Repeat p

Is - ra - el, O Thou wor - ship of Is - ra - el.

Is - ra - el, O Thou wor - ship of Is - ra - el.

LORD, FOR THY TENDER MERCIES' SAKE.

(ANTHEM FOR FOUR VOICES.)

mf Slow.

Lord, for Thy ten - der mer - cies' sake, lay

Lord, for Thy ten - der mer - cies' sake, lay

LORD, FOR THY TENDER MERCIES' SAKE—continued.

Repeat p



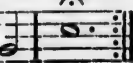
ra - el.



ra - el.



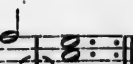
ra - el.



ra - el.



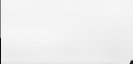
ra - el.



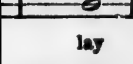
ra - el.



ra - el.



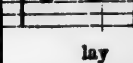
ra - el.



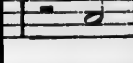
ra - el.



ra - el.



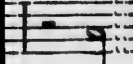
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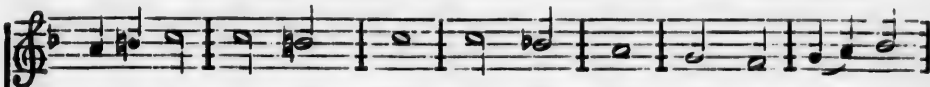
ra - el.



ra - el.



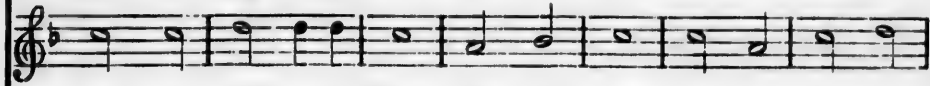
ra - el.



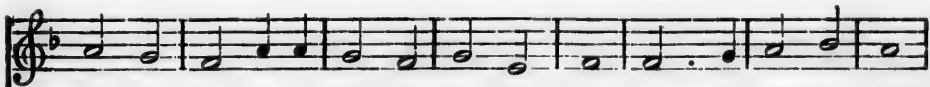
not our sins to our charge, but for - give that is past, and



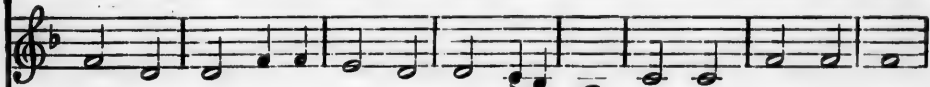
not our sins to our



not our sins to our charge, but for - give that is past, and



give us grace to a - mend our sin - ful lives, to de - cline from sin



give us grace to a - mend our sin - ful lives, to de - cline from sin



LORD, FOR THY TENDER MERCIES' SAKE—continued.

and in - cline to vir - tue, . . .

and in - cline to vir - tue, *p* that

and in - cline to vir - tue, *p* that we may walk with a

and in - cline to vir - tue, *p* that we may walk with a

p that we may walk with a per - fect heart, . . . *cres.* that

we may walk with a per - fect heart, *cres.* that

per - fect heart, a per - fect heart, *cres.* that we may walk with a

per - fect heart, with a per - fect heart, *cres.* that we may walk with a

continued.

LORD, FOR THY TENDER MERCIES' SAKE—continued.

Partial view of musical notation from the previous page, showing staves with lyrics: "that", "k with a", "k with a", "cres.", "that", "cres.", "that", "walk with a", "walk with a".

First system of musical notation. It includes four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "we may walk with a per - fect heart be - fore Thee now and", "we may walk with a per - fect heart be - fore Thee now and", "per - fect heart, with a per - fect heart be - fore Thee now and", "per - fect heart, with a per - fect heart be - fore Thee now and". The piano part is marked with a *p* (piano) dynamic.

Second system of musical notation. It includes four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "e - ver - more, that we may", "e - ver - more, that we may walk with a", "e - ver - more, that we may walk with a per - fect heart, a", "e - ver - more, that we may walk with a per - fect heart, with a". The piano part is marked with a *f* (forte) dynamic.

LORD, FOR THY TENDER MERCIES' SAKE—continued.

walk with a per - fect heart, . . . that we may walk with a

per - fect heart, that we may walk with a

per - fect heart, that we may walk with a per - fect heart, with a

per - fect heart, that we may walk with a per - fect heart, with a

p *dim.* de - cres - cen - do.

per - fect heart be - fore Thee now and e - ver - more.

p *dim.* de - cres - cen - do.

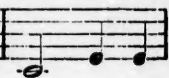
per - fect heart be - fore Thee now and e - ver - more.

p *dim.* de - cres - cen - do.

ntinued.



walk with a



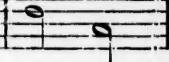
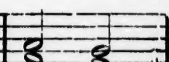
walk with a



heart, with a



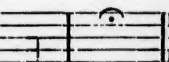
heart, with a



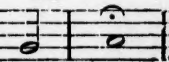
do.



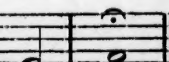
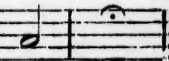
ver - more.



do.



ver - more.



do.

